

The Enterprise.

VOL. 6.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1901.

NO. 36.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:12 A. M. Daily.	
12:48 P. M. Daily.	
4:51 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
4:06 P. M. Daily.	
7:05 P. M. Daily.	
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross—
6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until
3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:35, 11:23.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 4:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North—
South—

MAIL CLOSING.

North—
South—
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
G. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

High Prices Rule at a Society Fete.

New York.—A cable to the Journal from London says: Surveying the scene at the Duchess of Sutherland's magnificent lifeboat fete, the Duchess of Devonshire said: "Well, Milly Sutherland may like this sort of thing but catch me opening Devonshire house to any tick mob."

The eagerly anticipated fete brought over \$25,000 profit. J. P. Morgan and other Americans paid \$250 a seat to sit at the table with the five Duchesses who graced the occasion. It cost \$10 to enter the house and \$5 more to enter the picture gallery. Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was performed on the lawn.

It was, however, a perishing, overcrowded and much mixed assemblage. At times it was impossible to move. Scores of aristocratic women fainted. Others had their clothes ripped and costly jewels were lost.

Soldiers Fire Into Strikers in Italy.

Rome.—During a conflict between Italian troops and the agricultural strikers at Ferrara, the soldiers fired a volley into the crowd. A Socialist paper published here and called Avanto, asserts that six of the strikers were killed and twenty wounded. It may be that these figures are exaggerated.

Austrian Minister to Mexico Named.

Vienna.—Count Gilbert Hohenwart von Gerlachstein has been appointed Austro-Hungarian Minister to Mexico. Diplomatic relations between Austria-Hungary and Mexico interrupted since 1867, the year Emperor Maximilian was shot, are thus formally re-established.

To Compromise With Manchester.

London.—A meeting of the Duke of Manchester's unsecured creditors approved the proposal of a compromise at 12s. 6d. on the pound sterling. The other creditors will be paid in full when the accounts are settled and the bankruptcy will be annulled.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Mrs. Matthew Arnold, widow of the British poet, critic and "Apostle of Culture" is dead.

Mme. Modjeska is visiting relatives in the province of Posen. She is going to Kissingen for a few weeks, and will return to the United States in August for a starring tour.

An Egyptian expedition has occupied Bahr Ghazal, says the Brussels correspondent of the London Daily Mail. The Belgians have withdrawn thus settling the dispute between Great Britain and Belgium.

"It is reported in St. Petersburg," says a dispatch from the Russian capital, "that the Czarowitch is betrothed to Princess Cecile, daughter of the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin."

Russian detectives have been sent to the principal German universities, including the University of Berlin, to watch for attempts to spread the nihilistic propaganda among the Russian students.

According to the Vienna correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph a conflict has occurred between Muslims and Christians at Gussing, on the Albanian-Montenegrin frontier, ten Christians being killed and many others wounded.

The Navy Department has received a cablegram from Rear Admiral Kempf announcing his arrival aboard the Kentucky at Cavite, where he will have charge of the station during the absence of Admiral Remy in Australia and Admiral Rogers in Japan.

The revenue returns for the United Kingdom for the quarter ended June 30th show an increase from all sources of £3,481,105 and a net increase of £3,086,105 over the returns for the corresponding quarter of 1900. Of the increase £2,440,000 is derived from the income tax and £727,000 from the customs.

A Blue Book on India just issued shows that £18,390,000 was expended for the relief of famine sufferers during the year 1899-1900. The census completed in March, 1901, shows that the increase in population during the last ten years was only 5,000,000 to 6,000,000, instead of the normal 19,000,000. The loss represents deaths in consequence of the famine.

FAMOUS COSTUME BANKRUPT.

Felix Compelled to Close the Doors of His Dressmaking Establishment.

Paris.—Felix, the world's greatest dressmaker a bankrupt. He had long been looked upon as the king of France's largest industry, and the fashionable women are in tears over his failure. The cause is the Palais d'Costumes at the exhibition. Felix invested all of his money in his palace and its dresses, which show 1000 years of female folly. His remnants have been bought up by a big clothing establishment called "Les Trois Quartiers."

Felix was the dressmaker for almost all the most famous actresses in Europe and of all the rich smart set, as contra-distinguished from the aristocracy. It has been said that he was Queen Alexandra's dressmaker, but this is an error, as Ducret and a woman, who has a little shop in the Rue de Faubourg St. Honore, make her gowns. Among those he had been in the habit of dressing were Mrs. Langtry, Ada Rehan, Bernhardt, Rejane, Calve, Anna Robinson, Sybil Sanderson and Liane de Pougy.

Ex-Senator Camden Sells His Mines.

New York.—One thousand dollars per day, Sundays and holidays excepted, for the next forty-eight years, is what ex-Senator J. N. Camden of West Virginia will receive as the result of the sale of his coal lands in the Fairmont region, which was formally ratified.

Camden received \$15,000,000 for his property from the Fairmont Coal Company, which is said to be backed by J. Pierpont Morgan. Of the purchase price, \$5,000,000 was paid in cash, and the agreement calls for the payment of \$300,000 each year to Camden, or his heirs, until the entire amount is paid. Camden is already many times a millionaire, and with the sale of his coal lands is now rated as being worth about \$40,000,000. He owned 25,000 acres of the best coal lands in the famous Fairmont bituminous region of West Virginia. The company owns thirty-seven plants, 1450 miners' houses and 500 individual cars. Its annual output will exceed 6,000,000 tons of coal, and its monthly pay roll will exceed \$250,000.

The Buff family are great "lookers." We would be understood by this to mean that they are beauties. This is true whether the birds be Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks or Leghorns.

HIS ACCESSION PROCLAIMED.

Formal Announcement Is Made of the Coronation of King Edward.

London.—The royal proclamation announcing that the coronation of King Edward is to take place in June next, the exact date not yet being determined upon, was read at St. James' Palace, Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange, with all the quaint, mediaeval scenes which marked the occasion of the proclaiming of the accession of the King.

The ceremony began at St. James', where, from the purple-draped balcony of the palace, the Norroy King of Arms (William Henry Weldon) in a brilliant uniform, accompanied by two heralds and pursuivants in gorgeous tabards and numerous state officials, read the proclamation. At the appointed hour four state trumpeters, lavishly adorned in gold-embroidered tunics, appeared in front of the balcony. By their side stood the Norroy King of Arms, flanked by two royal maecers, bearing gold maces, and surrounded by the blue mantle (Gordon Ambrose de Lisle Leo), the rouge dragon (Everard Green), the Somerset herald (Henry Farnham Burke), the York herald (Alfred Scott-Gatty), and the Windsor herald (William Alexander Lindsay), all in full official regalia, and the Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk), the Lord Steward (Earl of Pembroke), the Lord Chamberlain (Earl of Clarendon) and others.

The trumpeters sounded a protracted fanfare, and then the Norroy King of Arms bared his head and read the proclamation in a clear voice, which must have been audible to the royal party, who occupied a stand on the grounds of Marlborough House, facing the balcony of the palace. King Edward wore an admiral's uniform. Queen Alexandra and the others of the royal party watched the ceremony with the greatest interest, the King using field-glasses to obtain a clearer view. As the Norroy King of Arms concluded with the words "God save the King," the trumpeters again sounded a fanfare, the King standing at the salute.

A procession was then formed, by a detachment of the Horse Guards, five royal carriages, containing the heralds, pursuivants and other officials, and proceeded to Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange, where the formalities, less picturesque, perhaps, were repeated. Lord Mayor Green and the Sheriffs met the procession at Temple Bar.

GETS RICH COLLECTION.

Newberry Library, Chicago, Secures the Works Gathered by Lucien Bonaparte.

Chicago.—The philological library of 15,000 volumes collected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, and recognized as the finest of its kind in the world, has been acquired by the Newberry Library and will be removed within a few weeks to this city. The collection represents the life work of Prince Bonaparte, one of the most renowned philologists of any time. He spent over forty years and a vast amount of money gathering the most rare and valuable volumes relating to the development of all the European languages. After his death in 1891 the library was offered for sale at \$200,000.

News of the transfer reached here when Edward E. Ayer, one of the directors of the Newberry Library, received a cablegram from London announcing that the present directors of the Bonaparte Library had accepted a proposition for its purchase. Negotiations for this rare collection of volumes were first entered into two years ago. Mr. Ayer was abroad at the time, and on learning that the library was for sale made a proposition to the owners on behalf of the Newberry Library. It seemed at that time that his offer would be accepted, but just before the transaction was to be closed a friend of the Bonapartes promised to advance the money of which they were in need, in order that the library might not go out of the family. Later this friend became bankrupt. When Mr. Ayer was abroad last spring he heard of what had happened, and hastened to reopen negotiations for the purchase of the library.

SHAMROCK II TAKES A SPIN.

Easily Overhauls the Kariad, Which Is Racing With the Old Challenger.

Glasgow.—Shamrock II is expected to arrive at New York about August 15th. The cup challenger took a sail stretching spin while the former challenger, the Shamrock I, and the Kariad were sailing a match race of forty-three miles. The sun was shining and a light wind was blowing. The challenger carried only her lower canvas and towed a small boat.

Captain Sycamore seemed to avoid anything in the nature of a trial of speed, but during a couple of tacks the challenger found herself going the same direction as the Kariad and overhauled the latter in a remarkable manner. The new mainsail of the Shamrock II set to perfection. Her immense pole mast, when clothed, has a most imposing appearance.

The Shamrock I beat the Kariad by four minutes in the first round of fourteen and one-half miles and won by thirty minutes and eighteen seconds. Mr. Herreshoff Jr.'s The Nevada, beat her rival, The Tutty, by twelve minutes and forty seconds.

A HEAVY WHEAT CROP.

Indications Point to an Enormous Yield in Northwestern States.

FIGURES GATHERED BY RAILROADS.

Dakota and Minnesota Alone Will Produce Two Hundred Million Bushels.

Chicago.—After making a careful canvass of the Northwest and preparing conservative estimates upon the conditions found throughout the grain belt, the traffic officials of several railroads are agreed that the grain crop for 1901 will be the largest ever harvested in this section. The figures procured by the St. Paul, Northwestern, Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Burlington cover the entire Northwest and Middle West, and traffic men of these lines unite in declaring that the railroads will have a grave problem to solve in moving the great grain crop now being harvested and nearing condition for harvesting. According to the best data obtainable, it is estimated that the two Dakotas and Minnesota alone will harvest between 185,000,000 and 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, as against 100,000,000 last year.

The enormous increase is due largely to the fact that various railroad companies have within the last two years made extreme efforts toward colonization in the Northwest. It is stated that within the last six months the Northern lines, Soo, Northern Pacific and Great Northern, have taken over 20,000 immigrants and home-seekers to that region.

The greatest previous yield of wheat in the three states named was in 1898, when 170,000,000 bushels were harvested, and with the great increase in settlement since that date it is not unreasonable to look for an addition of 25,000,000 or 35,000,000 bushels this year.

New York.—Correspondents of R. G. Dun Co. report conditions of winter wheat on the whole exceptionally encouraging. In the principal states the yield will be very heavy, and it is noticed that the few unfavorable returns are from points where only a moderate crop is expected. The news from the spring wheat sections is assuming a more cheerful tone, and there is reason to expect a full yield of spring wheat. The total of both winter and spring wheat should exceed all records with a production of 700,000,000 bushels or more.

MAY TAKE A HAND.

Navy Department to Look Into Condition of Affairs at Guam.

Washington.—The attention of the Navy Department has been formally called to what appears to be an unsatisfactory condition of affairs in Guam. The incoming mail has brought a copy of the order recently issued by the naval commandant of the island, denouncing "hoodlumism and lawlessness," which, he says, are rampant at the station.

The order closes with the imposition of restrictions on the liberty of the marines. It is believed the Navy Department will be obliged to look into the denunciation of the marines. Gen. Heywood, commandant of marines, already has been called upon to furnish such information as he has, and it may be that a court of inquiry will be appointed. The mail brought him no report from Major H. K. White, the ranking marine officer on the island, nor from any other source, concerning the reported troubles. He is very much surprised at the extraordinary scope of Commander Schroeder's order, reflecting, as it does, upon the integrity of every officer and man of the marine corps on duty in the island.

Alaska Sends the Largest Gold Brick. Vancouver, B. C.—A brick arrived at Ashcroft from Cariboo, the other day, which is believed to be the largest ingot of gold ever cast.

It represents the greater portion of the year's clean-up of the Cariboo Consolidated Hydraulic Mining Company, of which J. B. Hobson of California is general superintendent.

The big gold brick weighs a thousand pounds, and is worth approximately \$200,000. It is worth over \$10,000 more than one which was sent to New York from the same mine a year ago. The brick of last year was carted down Broadway with a guard of twenty policemen and created quite a sensation in the Eastern city.

The gold was brought down on a dory in charge of three mounted officers. They were four days making the trip with a four-mule team. The big brick is about three feet in length and two thick, and is to be sent to the Glasgow Exposition.

Pardoned by the President.

Washington.—Calvin Joy Cressey of California, the naval cadet recently dismissed from the Naval Academy for hazing, has been granted a pardon by President McKinley. This action of the President operates only to remove the stigma of dismissal and does not reinstate young Cressey to the Academy. He is now eligible, however, to reappointment as a cadet.

LIKE AMERICAN CANNED MEAT.

British Soldiers Prefer the Canned Goods to the Poorer Fresh Article.

Washington.—In view of the temporary prohibition of American meat for military purposes in South Africa by the British Government, Consul-General Stowe at Cape Town has been making investigations with regard to the cause of the restriction and has submitted the results to the State Department. The British enlisted men, when questioned, pronounced the American article very satisfactory, and their officers stated that in many cases the men preferred the canned meat to the poorer fresh article. At Pretoria a large stock of American meat was at hand and no store or shop complained against it.

In fact, the only complaints made of the American article arose from improper care of it after it has reached the Transvaal. It was found to be the practice at British military bases to use a layer of corned beef cases as a floor and pile on top of it flour, meal and other commodities to protect the latter from ground moisture. But the cases of beef themselves suffered from exposure, the tins becoming rusty and small holes letting in the air. In some cases, after three months' exposure of this sort, the meat would be sent out to the troops, necessarily in a bad state.

After Los Angeles Water Supply.

Los Angeles.—A proposition was submitted to the City Council in behalf of Keeler & Co., the New York bankers, wherein the bankers offer to take over the city water plant, to secure the dismissal of all suits brought by the present water company and to enter into an equitable arrangement for the transfer of the property to the city at the expiration of fifty years in consideration of a franchise for that period. The proposition was before the Council once before and was defeated.

Tuberculosis in Calves.

Tuberculosis in its incipient stage is often far more common than dairy farmers suspect. A creamery or skimming station usually has a patronage of at least 500 cows, belonging to say fifty herds, and the milk of the entire number of cows is mixed either in the receiving or skim milk vats. Should one of the 500 cows be affected with this dread disease her milk mixed with the whole batch would affect the whole and all patrons who took the skim milk would be liable to introduce the disease in their herds by feeding it to their calves.

It might be argued that heating the milk before it is separated would kill the bacilli. Not so, for the degree of heat necessary to kill would scald the milk and reduce the butter fat to oil.

A remedy clearly exists for this and that is the farm separator, where only the milk made on the farm is mixed. This milk is fed to the calves while still warm. The casein is easily separated from the watery part of the milk, digestion commences without delay, the milk—about the temperature of the body—is soon turned into living tissue, and the calves are kept in healthy growing condition and able to resist disease germs. On the other hand, skim milk hauled from the skim milk vat is cold, much of it sour, it has a chance to absorb many disease germs. Fed to calves it must be warmed in their paunches before the rennet can act upon it to make it digestible. Should there be tuberculosis bacilli in the milk the reduced vitality of the calf would make its body a resting place for the bacillus, and not having vitality enough to throw it off as a healthier stronger animal might, it becomes permanent.—Pacific Farmer.

Swine Notes.

Some people have an idea that if they have a dry lot with a fence around it, that they have a hog pasture, when they are no closer to it than they would be if the lot was flooded. A hog pasture should contain plenty of green feed, and this should not be prairie grass, as they do not relish this grass well.

Sows that give large quantities of milk, should be carefully stunted in their feed for several days, as the pigs will not be able to consume all the milk, and that which remains will do mischief. It should be at least three weeks before the sow has full feed. From that time on she should be liberally fed. There are milk strains of sow as well as of cows, and these should be carefully guarded, against milk fever.

Allow a sow plenty of exercise, good pasture and a little grain, with skim milk. Keep brood sows as long as possible, treat them gently and accustom them to being handled, and to their farrowing pens. At farrowing time keep them free from all excitement. Place a fender around inside of pen, about eight inches from sides and floor, so as to prevent the smothering of the young. The feed immediately after farrowing should be non-stimulating until all danger of milk fever has passed. Keep a little milk in shallow troughs to induce the young to feed. Wean when six weeks old. Feed forage crops and skim milk until five months old, when they should average 125 pounds. Then pen and feed with mixed pens, oats and barley, finely ground; about five pounds per day will be sufficient for a 100 pound pig.

KISSES TWO HUNDRED WOMEN.

Schwab, Steel Magnate, Given a Reception at Braddock, Pa.

New York.—A special to the Sun from Braddock, Pa., says: Steel Magnate Charles M. Schwab and his wife were given a reception by the members of the First Presbyterian Church as a return for the \$13,900 he gave to lift the church debt. The majority of the congregation consists of workers in Schwab's company and their families. During the reception a woman, with a pretty baby in her arms, shook hands with Mrs. Schwab.

Schwab murmured, "What a pretty baby?" Then he stooped and kissed the child. Next he took the mother's face in his hands and kissed her. There was great applause and cheers, and when the next woman came up she also got a kiss from the steel magnate. The women fied by and Schwab kissed 200 of them. After he had kissed all the women, not disappointed one, he turned and kissed Mrs. Schwab, who was standing by, laughing heartily.

After the kissing bee Mr. Schwab announced that he intended to do something for Braddock that Braddock would like. He would not say what it would be, but people here believe he intends to give them a \$500,000 industrial school.

Sampson Gets His Prize Money.

Washington.—Warrants have been issued by the Treasury Department in favor of Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson for \$3330 and Captain French E. Chadwick for \$666 for their shares of prize money decreed them by the Court of Claims.

Pope Leo's Illness.

Paris.—A dispatch to the Petit Bleu from Rome announces the Pope to be seriously ill, and says that Dr. Laponi, his attending physician, does not leave the Pontiff's bedside. Vatican officials are anxious concerning the Pope's health.

The violets from our mountain slopes are successfully transplanted into some of our lawns.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. || || Wood and Coal. || || ||

Cumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

B. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The French clergyman who composes sermons while he sleeps probably delivers them while his congregation sleeps.

The whole nation will stand behind the Government in its war on the mosquito, but it will put its screens on just the same.

Uncle Sam talks of sending out 500 American schoolma'ams to take care of the Filipinos. Then the Filipinos would have to be good.

Spain was shaken by an earthquake recently, which was the worst jar it has received since that little one we handed it a few years ago.

You nearly always get more from an advertisement than you expect. A Kansas man who advertised for a wife got a widow and five children.

It is reported now that the Sultan has a cancer, but this is probably a mere guess. No doctor would be likely to run risks by going close enough to see.

When we are in school we speak of ourselves as "men." When we have had practical experience in the world we speak of ourselves as "one of the boys."

The interests of capital and labor are logically interdependent, and an ugly blow at one always reacts upon the other. Fair wages for the men and honest service by them, with a mutual avoidance of controversies over non-essentials, constitute a policy which will work admirably for both sides and the public at large.

Governor Allen has, no doubt, arrived at the true reason for the non-progressiveness of Porto Rico when he says that in "a land where a man can lie in a hammock, pick bananas with one hand and dig a sweet potato with one foot" there is no incentive to exertion. But the same reasoning seems to destroy the Governor's idea of redeeming the place by the importation of Anglo-Saxon energy.

Every time that Russia "bluffs" England and gains a diplomatic victory, says a wise observer, a certain marketable quantity of prestige is transferred from one nation to the other. He adds that trade cannot flourish nor subject races be governed without an ample store of prestige to draw upon at will. It is an interesting fact that the first but now obsolete meaning of prestige is illusion, imposture. Unfortunately, the element of trickery in diplomacy, whereby national prominence has been gained throughout the history of foreign governments, is by no means obsolete.

Herbert E. Carle, of New York, has the singular fad of marrying his own wife. Several gentlemen have recently found themselves in trouble through their habit of marrying a variety of wives, and several ladies have suffered annoyance from the law by reason of their superfluity of husbands, but Mr. and Mrs. Carle's custom of repeatedly marrying each other is a novelty. Probably they have a sound psychological reason for their peculiarity. They have probably heard of the aspirations of married couples for continuous honeymoons, and have resolved to realize the apparently impossible. If they marry often enough there is no reason why they should not have a honeymoon every month.

In New York a child recovering from scarlet fever stood in need of an immediate operation to save life. One hospital takes patients with contagious diseases, the other hospitals do not. The child was refused admission to the one hospital on the ground that the period of contagion had passed. The other hospitals refused to admit the patient on the ground that the period of contagion had not passed. But this is a modern age, you say. Mere technicalities would not be allowed to stand in the way of health. You are wrong. There was the matter of establishing a precedent. If the contagious baby got into a non-contagious hospital, how were the authorities to know that the same "crime" would not be repeated? "Sorry, but it wouldn't do. Take the child somewhere else." It was too late—the baby died, killed by red tape. All in the year 1901.

Gen. Francis V. Greene, of the New York and Bermuda Asphalt Company, has gone far toward settling the West Point trouble by taking the five dismissed cadets into the employ of the company. This is a highly satisfactory way out of the difficulty. There is a natural sympathy for the young men whose careers have seemed to be blasted, but at the same time the discipline of the military academy cannot be sacrificed to sympathy for culprits whose troubles have been entirely of their own creating. It would have been most disastrous to the morals not only of the academy, but of the army that is to be officered by West Point graduates, to have the idea take root that subordinate cadets could overrule the authorities with the aid of Congressional "pulls." At the same time, says the New York Journal, there is no desire to inflict unnecessary suffering upon young men of generally excellent character, and the public will be glad to know that they have found congenial employment in a quarter in

which discipline will be maintained for them by the stern realities of life.

The shirt-waist man has at last been placed. He has been tagged and properly labeled by an anthropologist who knows an ordinary simian from a short-tailed baboon. The shirt-waist man has been kicked about like an old piece of pottery at a rummage sale, without any particular classification, not knowing whether he was 30 cents or whether he belonged in the collection of hand-painted cuspidors or among the cracked articles of virtu that were damaged in transit. We are indebted, says the Chicago Record-Herald, to Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, for the classification. In a recent lecture to his class in anthropology Professor Starr classed the shirt-waist man as a degenerate, along with tattooed people and men who part their hair in the middle. He had observed four classes of persons who tattooed their bodies—sailors, soldiers, criminals and messenger boys. If the shirt-waist man is capable of the ordinary processes of reasoning he can now see where he is at. Of course the classification is not as clearly defined as one might wish. But the shirt-waist man is a new thing in anthropology. It will take a more extended study of his habits to classify him into species. The ordinary baboon of commerce, for instance, is different from the genus cynocephalus, which has large bare callosities on the buttocks and usually a short tail, with legs of nearly equal length. It will not do to put all the shirt-waist men in one species. But for the present it is enough for the shirt-waist man to know that he is a degenerate and belongs on the same shelf with the tattooed man.

The proceedings of a New York medical society, which refused to publish a paper read by one of its members, denying the existence of infectious diseases, calls attention to some remarkable divisions of opinion among those who have studied the question of infection. Many people are opposed to vaccination, and on different grounds. Some claim religious scruples. Many are convinced that vaccination is likely to convey to the blood poisons or diseases quite as little to be desired as the disease to be prevented. It is not necessary for these to deny that smallpox is infectious, or that vaccination will prevent it. These have exaggerated fears since the introduction of improved methods of preparing the vaccine. Yet vaccination has sometimes resulted in severe sores over a wide area, affecting almost every patient, despite the utmost care, showing that something else than pure vaccine has to do with it. There is a smaller body who do not believe that vaccine is a preventive at all. They deny that there is any such thing as infection. Of this class are the New York doctor and Dr. Rodermund, who made himself famous last fall in the West. As to tuberculosis, the fell destroyer of human life, there is a wide division, even in the medical fraternity, with a tendency among them to credit that disease with infection. This is due to the discovery of the bacillus identified with the disease. This suggests rather than proves its infectious character. In this case, and that of other infectious or contagious diseases, one thing is agreed upon—that care of the health, including scrupulous cleanliness, is an essential if one is to escape, whether the disease is infectious, epidemic or sporadic.

A Paper Found.

An English paper offers a practical illustration of Trollope's saying, "It's dogged as does it."

Jack Sullivan was a soldier, and a good one, but suddenly he began to act like a crazy man. When on duty or at drill he would break from the ranks and run after an imaginary scrap of paper, visible to no one but himself, shouting as he ran:

"There it goes! There's the paper!"

This occurrence became so frequent that officers and men alike agreed that Jack was insane, and the matter was brought before the medical authorities. After some scientific research, he was declared to be suffering from monomania, and in consequence he was given his discharge.

But it was monomania with a method, for when Jack quitted the service and his comrades, he flourished his discharge, saying:

"Faith, boys, sure I've got the bit of paper I've been runnin' after this long time!"

Electric Farming.

The uses of electricity are daily enlarging. It seems some Russian scientists have been making interesting experiments in the effect of electricity in horticulture, or, as they term it, "electroculture." It has been proved that electrified seed germinates more rapidly than others, and also by burying in the soil one zinc plate and one copper plate, placed vertically and connected by a wire, that potatoes and other roots grown in the electrified space thus secured produce about three times the crop that others do in similar soil close by, but without the electricity. It is also applied to the ripening process and found to be successful.

Mean.

Tess—"When I met May to-day I had my new gown on. Naturally I expected her to say something about it, but she pretended not to notice it."

Jess—Yes, she's an awfully tender-hearted girl."—Philadelphia Press.

Lease of Convicts in Florida. Florida will continue for four years at least to lease its convicts to the highest bidders.

The hardest thing in the world to replace, after it is once worn out, is a welcome.

LAMPLIGHTER ON WHEELS.

Up-to-Date Servant of the Public in a Chicago Avenue.

Down Indiana avenue way if things are not aristocratic the folks will not have them. The houses, the lawns, the very paving blocks are all that might be desired in that line, and when the trolley car bunted its way into the thoroughfare the cars were not the vulgar, flaunting yellow caravans which tear through Clark street and Wentworth avenue and other plebeian highways. They were of a subdued shade, and upholstered; they were full of cushions and content; the conductors were suave and polite, and the motormen apologized when a passenger was staggered by the sudden starting of the car.

To follow out this rule in all things, they have a lamplighter down there in the region of Thirtieth street who does not trot around the streets in greasy jeans with an ill-smelling torch over his shoulder, leaving light and cheer in his wake, as is the case in less favored neighborhoods. This particular lamplighter on whom Indiana avenue dotes rides a wheel as he makes his rounds, lights his lamps from the saddle, and is a thing of beauty to the first people, who are present in large numbers on Indiana avenue. Pedestrianism may be well enough for Blue Island avenue or eke Halsted street lamplighters, but Indiana avenue, where



THE MODERN LAMPLIGHTER.

even the baby cabs have rubber tires and everything is filled with sweetness and light, demands a modern Mercury mounted on a swift-flying wheel and bearing his flaming torch high in air.

Until the time comes, which it doubtless will, when the entire city is lighted by electricity and the lamplighter becomes a thing of the past, the Indiana avenue man will doubtless stand as the model for the correct in lamplighters. It is hard to improve on him. He is as far ahead of the walking lighter as the latter is ahead of the gasoline lamp men or the link boy of ancient London. He is thoroughly modern, and as such is a type of life in that aristocratic section where everything is as nearly as it should be as it is possible to have it under our civilization.—Chicago Chronicle.

TO TELL DISPOSITIONS.

Carrying of Umbrellas a Means of Character Reading.

The man who sat nearest the window said he didn't mind the wet weather.

"It gives me a chance to see how people carry their umbrellas," he said. "I have such firm faith in my umbrella deductions that I wouldn't be afraid to choose a wife with them for a guide."

The woman on his left smiled.

"I'm glad I'm not out there in the street," she said. "You'd be picking out all the kinks in my disposition along with the rest of them."

"Oh!" said the man. "I sized you up a long time ago. You carry your umbrella when it's furled just like that woman across the street. You grab it in the middle and go forging ahead with the end of the handle digging into the unfortunate pedestrians who go before and follow after."

"And what does that signify?" asked the woman on the left.

"Alertness, activity, selfishness and inconsiderateness."

"Um-m-m," said the woman.

"But just look at the third woman in the procession," said the man. "I pity the men folks about her house. I'll warrant they have to get their own breakfasts about six mornings out of seven. I never yet saw a woman who dragged her umbrella along so that you could track her by the trail of the tip who wasn't dilatory and careless. She never sews on a button, or darns, or mends, and her breakfast dishes are seldom washed before 2 o'clock."

"That other woman who is bustling along holding to the top of the umbrella handle like grim death and pointing the tip down and forward in a kind of south-by-southwesterly direction is altogether different. She would set the world on fire if it wasn't waterlogged. I am not sure that I'd want to be mar-

ried to her, either. She'd be too energetic. She'd push everything before her, and when she took a notion to clean things up a mere man would have nowhere to lay his head. What she is good for is serving on committees.

"That woman in the gray skirt is a yea-and-nay sort of person. She wants to agree with everybody and follows wherever led. Woman who carry their umbrellas with the point backward and downward are always unassertive.

"But just look at that girl who spins along spinning her umbrella around in a circle as if it were a magic wand. I like her. She's jolly and good-natured and gets more pleasure out of life than ten ordinary people. There's a woman carrying her umbrella swung across her shoulders like a shotgun. She's a true soldier of fortune, and was never known to say die. I can't think of anything that would feaze her."

The man paused.

"And what would you say," asked the woman, "about that girl who carries her umbrella horizontally across the small of her back and catches either end into the crook of her elbow?"

"Well," admitted the man, "she is a new one on me. I never saw her before, but I wouldn't be afraid to wager that she is conscientious to a degree and has a heart as big as all outdoors. But here," he added, "comes the most even-tempered woman of the lot. She cuddles her umbrella protectively un-

der her arm, as if she doesn't want even it to get hurt in the crowd. That woman is gentle and thoughtful and kind."—New York Sun.

RANK SMELL OF THE ONION.

There is a Scientific Reason for the Vegetable's Pungent Odor.

It is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is simply due to the presence in some quantity of another mineral matter in the bulb—sulphur. It is this sulphur that gives the onion its germ-killing property and makes the bulb so very useful a medicinal agent at all times, but especially in the spring, which used to be—and still is in many places—the season for taking brimstone and treacle in old-fashioned houses, before sulphur tablets came into vogue. Now sulphur, when united to hydrogen, one of the gases of water, forms sulphureted hydrogen, and then becomes a foul-smelling, well nigh a fetid, compound. The onion, being so juicy, has a very large percentage of water in its tissues, and this, combining with the sulphur, forms the strongly scented and offensive substance called sulphureted allyle, which is found in all the alliums. This sulphureted allyle mingles more especially with the volatile or aromatic oil of the onion. It is identical with the malodorous principle found in asafetida, which is almost the symbol of all smells that are nasty.

The horseradish, so much liked with roast beef for its keen and biting property, and the ordinary mustard of our tables both owe their strongly stimulative properties to this same sulphureted allyle, which gives them heat and acidity, but not an offensive smell, owing to the different arrangement of the atoms of their volatile oils.

This brings us to a most curious fact in nature, that most strangely, yet most certainly, constructs all vegetable volatile oils in exactly the same way—composes them all whether they are the aromatic essences of cloves, oranges, lemons, cinnamon, etc., of exactly the same proportions, which are 88 1/2 of carbon to 11 1/2 of hydrogen, and obtains all the vast seeming diversities that our nostrils detect in their scent simply by a different arrangement of the atoms in each vegetable oil.—Rural Californian.

Why He Doesn't Work.

"For a man who doesn't work," said the housekeeper, "you have a pretty good appetite."

"Yes, na'am," replied Hungry Higgins; "dat's why I don't work. If I did, dey wouldn't be no satisfyin' me."—Philadelphia Record.



Counting Out Rhymes.

There has been much conjecture as to the origin of children's "counting-out" rhymes. Many persons believe them to be corruptions of what was once good English, that has become twisted through much repetition by children who repeat what they hear, literally. This would seem the best solution of the matter, though there are theorists



who believe that this doggerel had its start in the folk-songs of a foreign people, who brought them to this country, where they became somewhat Americanized by phonetic repetition.

Some of these rhymes present a curious mixture of English and otherwise unheard-of words. The following are excellent examples of the latter class:



Onery, oery, ickery, ann
Fillson, follison, Nicholas, John,
Queevey, Quavey, English navy,
Stinklum, Stanklum Buck.

Illery, Nillery, Mexican navy,
Hirabo, Crackaho, tenor o' lavy,
Whisky drinker, American time,
Humbledy, bumbledy, ninety-nine.

Others contain no English words at all, as:

Eni meni, mini, mo,
Crack a feui, ni, fo,
Ommaunga, poppatuga,
Rick, hick, hando.

A curious hodge-podge, evidently of Scotch origin from its allusion to "Gowan Gorse," is as follows:

Out in the manor of Gowan Gorse
Up jumped the winding horse,
He can trip and he can trot
And he can play in the mustard pot.
Aye oh, who's below?
Mammy, daddy, dirty Joe."

A winding horse is a new manner of animal, but his accomplishments seem to be many. Many other rhymes have no foreign words at all, but are wholly English. Perhaps they are not sufficiently hackneyed or of great enough antiquity to be corrupted, or is it possible that American children are becoming a more distinctly speaking class? Examples of these are:

One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cupboard door,
Eating pie off a plate,
Five, six, seven, eight.

And again:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cat that Shed Hot Tears.

"Do animals ever shed tears?" is a question frequently asked, but never satisfactorily answered. Henry Harland tells of a cow that wept freely when separated from her calf. In one of the large buildings of the city the other day many people were witnesses of a weeping kitten. The wee mite had strayed into the building and there had encountered a fierce, barking dog of the fox terrier variety. She had run to escape him into a room in which was the roar of much machinery, had been shouted at, had had a piece of coal thrown at her, had been caught by the nape of her neck and flung to a giant, had been taken up in an elevator and had had the tip of her tail pinched by some laughing men.

When she finally reached her destination, a quiet spot at the top of the tall building, she was a palpitating mass of fear more dead than alive, with no light left in her eyes and with tears streaming from her eyes. Indeed, a more lachrymose sight was never seen.

It took a good fifteen minutes of petting and cajolery to induce her to stop crying, too, and to lift her head. But finally, like the cow in the story, she became consoled. Then she washed her face and forgot her troubles in frivolous pursuit of a piece of paper tied to a string.

A Boy's Composition.

Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear her father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish, when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain-water, soda-water, holy-water and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean the ships couldn't float and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt and to catch fish in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he

hauled it up it was an eel! Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first-rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think of about water—except the flood. —Industrial School Gem.

A Fellow's Mother.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, "With his rosy cheeks and his merry blue eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Hooks and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care—not much, I mean—
If a fellow's face is not quite clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch that you'd never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
And only sorry if you're bad;
And I'll tell you this: if you're only true,
She'll always forgive you, whatever you do."

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes;
"I'll mind my mother every day;
A fellow's a baby that won't obey."
—Apples of Gold.

Practical Demonstration.

Teacher—Tommy, what are you doing to that little boy?

Tommy—Nothing. He wanted to know if you take three from five how many will remain, and I took three of his apples to show him, and now he wants them back.

Teacher—Well, why don't you give them back to him?

Tommy—"Cause then he would forget how many are left."

Doing Sums on the Ground.

Little 6-year-old Harry, while reading a chapter of Genesis, paused and asked his mother if people in those days used to do sums on the ground. He had been reading the passage which says: "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

An Eleventh Commandment.

Teacher—How many commandments are there?

Small Boy—Leven.

Teacher—Eleven! What is the eleventh?

Small Boy—Keep off the grass.

Description of an Elephant.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Edith on her return from the show, "I saw an elephant and he walks backwards and eats with his tail!"

Stone Forest.

A remarkable forest of petrified trees called Chalcedony Park can be reached in a few hours from Holbrook, Ariz. The area of the park is estimated at hundreds of square miles, and it contains thousands of tons of agatized wood. It is like a vast lumber camp, where the lumbermen have thrown huge logs at random from their sleds, leaving them to become rain-soaked and moss-grown. Some of the trunks are 150 feet long, and they break up in sections, as if sawed through at intervals.

The bark is of a dark red color, as a rule, but the chips and interior exhibit kaleidoscopic colors. Amethysts, red and yellow jasper, chalcedony of every tint, topaz, onyx, carnelian and other stones abound. The logs, in fact, are a blend of these stones. One of them, 100 feet long and three to five feet in diameter, spans a narrow canyon, and is called the Agate Bridge. It is chiefly composed of jaspers and agates.

As to the origin of the petrifications, it is supposed that in past times the trees were overwhelmed with volcanic ashes and hot siliceous waters from geysers. The timber is analogous to pine or cedar, and as it decayed the silica dyed with various salts of iron and manganese in solution took its place.

Two New Bridges for Venice.

It is proposed to erect two great bridges in Venice—one to connect the Island of San Michele, which is the sole cemetery of Venice, with the city on the north, and one to connect the Island of the Guidecca with the city on the south. The former is an easy affair, as the water, though a quarter of a mile broad, is shallow. The other is a serious and difficult matter, as the Guidecca canal is really an arm of the sea, and the distance at its narrowest part is over an eighth of a mile. The Guidecca canal is also the highway for all the ships of any size, as it is by it alone they can reach the docks, which are at the railway station. But the Guidecca Island is becoming of importance as the manufacturing quarter of the city. One of the largest flour mills in Europe is there. It belongs to Signor Stucchi, and he has promised to subscribe toward the expense of the bridge 400,000 francs, equal to about £16,000. Other manufacturers on the island will probably also offer liberal donations should the work be determined upon.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Thirteen at Table.

Mrs. B.—Oh, Charles, we can never sit down with thirteen at table.

Mr. B.—Pshaw! I hope you're not so superstitious as that.

Mrs. B.—No, of course not; but we have only twelve dinner plates.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Large Shingle Mill.

Manchester, N. H., is to have what it is claimed will be the largest shingle mill building ever erected. It is nearly completed and is 770 feet long, with two wings of 330 feet, all of an average width of 100 feet, and five stories in height, including basement.

Out of the frying-pan of courtship a man steps into the fire of matrimony.

Topic Times

A comprehensive map of the Chinese empire was made in 1718 by Jesuits by special order of the Emperor, Kang Hsi.

A Roman journal estimates the value of the libraries in Italy at \$12,000,000 and that of the paintings, statues and vases at \$30,000,000.

The Vicksburg national park will soon be complete as far as the acquisition of land is concerned. It will comprise in all 1,231 acres.

The new century was celebrated by marines all over the world by the adoption of a revised and up-to-date edition of the international code of signals.

While Spain held Cuba and Porto Rico coffee raising was a prohibited industry. Now that these islands have passed from her she is encouraging coffee-tree planting at home.

American-made boots and shoes are driving British-made goods out of Australia and the British colonies in the East and West Indies and Africa, where they have always had a monopoly.

Banana growing is a feature of fruit raising in Southern California. Though it does not meet with the same success as it does in tropical regions, the enterprise is said to be making a fair progress.

That Scotland will suffer something by the change in sovereigns goes without saying. The king enjoys Scotland in the shooting season for a couple of weeks, but Queen Alexandra never took to the highlands.

Next November the electors of Greater New York will be called on to fill 188 offices, and the Mayor then chosen can, by removals and appointments, fill as he pleases during the first six months of his administration 102 important places.

While riding his bicycle near Flushing, Long Island, John McBride met with misfortune in the shape of a punctured tire. He carries his own repair kit and on proceeding to repair the injury found a \$10 bill rolled around one of the spokes.

A Springfield (Mass.) publishing company whose business is so large that it furnishes more mail matter than all the rest of the city put together, was recently awarded the four years' contract for carrying the mail to and from the postoffice and the railroad depot.

There is a great demand for reading matter among the troops stationed at distant posts in the Philippines and in Alaska. The Army and Navy League of Washington is endeavoring to meet this want as far as possible and has invited contributions of books and magazines.

London is being so rapidly honey-combed with underground railways that the government is beginning to realize that a great comprehensive plan must be laid out, unless the site of London is to become a tangle of tunnels and tubes, each with its own ends and interfering with all the rest.

By the falling of a tank containing 10,000 gallons of water a fire which had assumed serious proportions at Cape May Courthouse village, N. J., was quenched. Because of lack of fire fighting facilities the fire was spreading in all directions, when the tank of water was thrown into the heart of the fire below.

Cat shows do not date from more than a decade and a half; dog shows have at least an existence of three-quarters of a century. The foremost European galleries contain hundreds of pictures of dogs; there are not a score of great artists who have devoted their talents to the pictorial representations of the cat.

New York City's tree-planting association, composed of public-spirited citizens, not only set out 3,126 shade trees last year, but secured the passage of laws empowering the park commissioners to take entire charge of street tree planting, so that the work can be done on an extensive scale and in the most effective manner.

A Fredericktown (Ohio) enthusiast, who possesses a large gasoline propelled vehicle which resembles a street car, contemplates a transcontinental trip in the machine. The interior is fitted up as a combination dwelling and repair shop, and the owner, who is an expert machinist, expects to secure enough work en route to pay his expenses.

One Kansas law says the personal property of a dead man, when not claimed by relatives, shall be sold at auction. Another law prohibits the sale of liquor. Recently a gallon of rye whisky was found among the effects of a dead man who had left no known relatives. The Probate Court has taken the whisky "under advisement."

Plans have been deposited with the Boston board of health for the erection of a seven-story brick building designed for the exclusive accommodation of horses. The building is to be provided with suites of apartments for three, five and ten horses, with living-rooms for grooms and coachmen if desired. The equine hotel is the experiment of a wealthy syndicate. Room for over 400 horses will be available.

A notable and growing industry in Nebraska is the trade in jack rabbits, which are frozen for shipment to the East, where they are sold at fancy prices as Belgian hares. Farmers' boys in the State earn many dollars during the winter in pursuing this game, which they sell to the packers for about \$1.50 a dozen. The price is small, but the supply is ample, and the farmers do themselves a double service by ridding their lands of what often be-

comes a pest. The extent of the industry is indicated by the shipments, which are in car-load lots.

Experiments conducted by the food commissioner in Michigan demonstrate that housewives can readily determine by a very simple method if the milk they purchase daily is doped with a preservative. He advises that a small quantity be set aside and left to stand for twenty-four hours. If at the end of that period it is not sour it is a sure sign that it has been adulterated with formaldehyde or some other preservative.

REARING OF ALLIGATORS.

Great Care Necessary When They Are Young.

"People are constantly bringing small alligators north," said J. Atkinson, of New Brunswick, N. J., the other day, "and the creatures are as constantly dying because they do not receive the proper care. The heat and food necessary for them are the things to be considered. I no longer try to bring the smallest specimens; they are too delicate, but a pair a foot or more long are strong enough to feed and to bear some changes of temperature. Such a pair I received some time ago and raised successfully. They were packed in wads of cotton in a large perforated box and arrived in good condition."

"The home prepared for them was a large deal table, in the center of which a square hole was made. Into this was fitted a deep dripping-pan containing water. One-half of the table, at the end of the pan of water, was covered with fine sand, and at the opposite end the boards were left bare. A wire-netting fence about two feet high was nailed around the edge of the table, with the upper edges turned over some inch or two as a guard to prevent the alligator's climbing out. The whole was placed not far from a heater supposed to keep the establishment at Florida temperature."

"Into this, as soon as completed, the two young saurians were turned, and at once testified their appreciation of the hospitality rendered by flopping into the water, where they thereafter spent the larger part of their time."

"Grown alligators do not feed in winter, but the little ones seem to require food, whether from change of climate or the needs of growth I cannot say. These had fresh meat given them whenever they appeared restless, perhaps once or twice a week, and the avidity with which they snapped it up was amusing. They would jump at pieces held above them on a fork quite heedless of the often severe jabs they gave themselves."

"The best method of feeding is to throw the meat into the water. They were apparently unable to get anything off the bare ground, often crawling over meat lying on the boards, wholly unconscious of its presence. To clean their cage it was only necessary to pen them into one end of their house by means of a board, although when it became necessary to lift them it was perfectly safe to seize them just back of the forepaws. The strength they manifested in lashing with the tail to get free was remarkable. Toward spring, when the days were warmer, their house was set out of doors one day in a severe rainstorm. Instead of liking the downpour, they were frightened thoroughly, and made every effort to leap out of their cage."

"In summer a pen was arranged in the open air on much the same plan as the deal table, where they flourished so mightily that one night they succeeded in getting out and running away forever."—New York Tribune.

Clocks with "Wheels."
"Clocks are certainly queer things," said the man who was tinkering at the hall clock in a suburban house the other day. "They get cranky spells, just like people. Sometimes they really act as though they were bewitched. A friend of mine had a little clock that had behaved itself and kept good time for years. One day it took a notion to lay off for a while, and they couldn't get it started again. My friend's wife was cleaning the room several days afterward, and she took the clock and laid it down flat on its back on a chair. It started to go at once, and ticked away at a great rate, but as soon as she placed it on end it stopped again. Well, they set it, and for a time it acted all right as long as it remained on its back. But it soon got cranky again and refused to go. The other day, just for fun, they turned it upside down, and would you believe it, that crazy clock started off again. Now it only runs when it is standing on its head, and they are wondering what new foolishness it will develop next."—Boston Record.

Area of Saturn.
Professor See has measured the dimensions of the planet Saturn at the United States naval observatory at Washington, with the following results: The diameters of the ball of the planet are 74,944 miles (equatorial) and 67,352 miles (polar). The mean density resulting is 68.100 of that of water. The external diameter of the outer ring is 173,115 miles and its width is 11,846 miles. The external diameter of the inner ring is 146,828 miles, and its width is 17,184 miles. The width of the dusky or crepe ring is 11,533 miles. The space between the interior edge of the crepe ring and the ball is thus 6,730 miles. The diameter of the largest satellite is 2,092 miles—somewhat less than that of our moon.

Strictly Regulated.
The length of a peacocks' train is strictly regulated, and varies according to her rank. A duchess will have her train three yards long, a marchioness two and a half, countesses are limited to two yards, viscountesses to one and a half, and baronesses to one yard.

SOME SUMMER GOWNS.

THE POSTILLION BACK IS A FREAKISH FANCY.

Strap and Band Trimmings Popular as Ever—Oriental and Persian Bands Much Used on the More Expensive Fabrics—Notes from Gotham.

New York correspondence:

SUMMER brings one freakish fancy in the postillion back. In some of its forms it is sensible, seeming to belong to and be a harmonious part of the bodice. In others it impresses one as a whimsical afterthought. In either form or in any of the many intermediate ones, it is stylish itself. It appears in all sorts of fabrics, even in lawns and dimities. These usually are caught in a rosette at the top and fall in flowing ends, either fastened to a ribbon belt or to the bodice. Those used on fine materials often are of handsome lace or dotted net trimmed with ribbon and em-



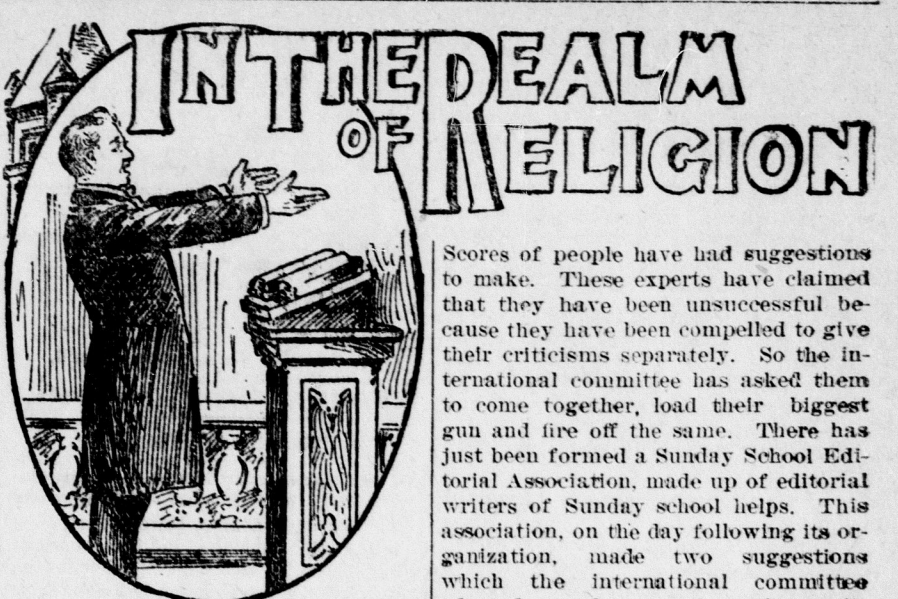
SELECTED FROM SUMMER CLOTH GOWNS.

brodery. Many are seen on cloth gowns, and are either of the material or of some contrasting cloth. These are tucked, stitched or pleated, else are trimmed with bands of stitched silk or velvet. A sample appears in the accompanying small picture of a cream broadcloth bodice. Here the proportions were sensible; where the affair is tiny and—at least to every woman who knows anything about how her clothes are made—obviously attached to the belt rather than to the bodice, the result is often downright freakish. The postillion effects seen on boleros usually are tabs of Persian or Bulgarian embroidery fastened to the jacket. Some of velvet and silk are seen on handsome silk gowns, but these are generally fastened to ribbon belts. They vary in length, some being very long, while others merely suggest the effect faintly.

Strap and band trimmings are as popular as ever. Nearly all cloth gowns show them in some form or other. Duck,

very handsome. Oriental and Persian bands are used on the expensive gowns, usually of the biscuit shades, dark blue and black. They look very stunning on black and dark blue. The little straps are usually fastened down with the tiny gilt and silver buttons. Some show stitching to match the costume, while others are stitched in white or brilliant colors. One gown of biscuit cloth had strap trimming of linen stitched in a handsome shade of green. At the left in the next illustration is another model—a biscuit-colored albatross, with side panel of scarlet satin crossed by white pique straps.

Aside from this strap garniture, the chief embellishments for summer cloth suits are stitching and touches of bright coloring in oriental trimmings. Of course, too, there is more frequent resort to bright shades for the dress goods than there is in winter. So with pretty free license to vary the cut, there is no danger of monotony in these get-ups, which are capable of more general service than are gowns of distinctly summery fabrics. The three suits remaining in this picture were, first, dove gray nun's veiling, with yoke of nainsook embroidery and bretelles of gray cloth and Persian embroidery; second, dark blue wool net, with stitching of bright green and cream lace for trimmings; and last, bright red eolienne, with vest effect and revers of white duck, and tiny yoke and collar of black and white polka dot silk. While it has been said truly that summer cloth gowns are not so ultra-stylish this year as they were last season, this because of current favor for summer silks, yet one has but to price a summer cloth of reasonably novel finish to be assured that it still is in the field where prices are almost prohibitive.



Prayed for Their Husbands Seven Years

A striking instance of long-delayed answer to prayer occurred not long ago in Chicago. Two Christian ladies agreed to pray daily for the conversion of their unbelieving husbands. For three years they continued to pray earnestly, but with no apparent result. At length one lady said to her friend: "It is useless praying any longer for John's conversion; he seems every day to grow more hardened to all religious impressions. I have resolved to stop, for I fear his conscience is quite seared." "Well," replied her friend, "I can't stop praying for my husband while I have breath. So, if he goes down to the pit, he'll go weighted down with his wife's believing prayers."

"Why! if you go on praying, I may continue, too; you have inspired me with new faith and hope," cried the poor desponding lady.

Time passed, and after seven years of crying and waiting, Mrs. B. awoke one night, and saw, to her surprise, her husband sitting at a little table reading the Bible by the light of a candle. She called to him, and he told her he was in sore distress about his sins; he begged her to help him to find peace. They knelt down together, while she uttered a few broken words, imploring the Lord to save her dear husband, and make him decide at once for Christ. When she could not continue for tears, the husband began to pray earnestly for himself; and while he was thus praying, the mighty change was wrought in his soul by the Holy Spirit, so that his prayer ended in a burst of joy and thanksgiving.

Next morning the happy wife set to convey the glad tidings to her friend, who lived at some distance. To her surprise she met the other, who was on her way to visit her, with a face radiant with joy.

On comparing notes, it was found that the prayers of both wives had been answered simultaneously, and in circumstances almost identical.—Ram's Horn.

Thoughts on Waking.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.—Psalm 3: 5.

When I am awake, I am still with Thee.—Psalm 59: 18.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.—Psalm 5: 3.

Cause me to hear Thy loving kindness in the morning.—Psalm 115: 8.

Be Thou their arm every morning.—Isaiah 33: 2.

I will sing aloud of Thy mercy, in the morning.—Psalm 56: 16.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. * * * They are new every morning.—Lamentations 3: 22, 23.

The day is Thine. * * * Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.—Psalm 84: 16.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.—Psalm 75: 16.

Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.—Psalm 4: 6.

Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.—Proverbs 23: 17.

Unto you that fear My name shall the sun of righteousness arise.—Malachi 4: 2.

And the city had no need of the sun, for the glory of God did lighten it.—Revelation 21: 23.

I shall be satisfied when I awaken with Thy likeness.—Psalm 17: 15.

Doesn't Believe in Biblical Devil.

Rev. Dr. Edward H. Smith, the Congregational minister of Oshkosh, Wis., who has startled his fellow ministers by declaring his unbelief in the existence of the devil, is a native of England, where his ancestors have been wealthy merchants for generations. He was educated in theology in 1869. In 1872 he came to the United States and was given temporary charge of the New England Congregational Church at Chicago. After taking a post-graduate course at Yale he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Morrison, Ill., with which he remained seven years. Thence he removed in 1880 to Michigan City, Ind., and in 1887 he assumed his present charge. Dr. Smith is noted for his remarkably liberal views in theology. He contends that many beliefs are the result of natural evolution and have no warrant in the revelations of the Old and New Testaments.

Change in International Lessons.

A general conference of Sunday school experts is soon to be held in New York. It is called the International Sunday School Lesson Committee. This committee has been receiving criticisms of their lesson scheme in vast numbers.

Forget.

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—Professor Drummond.

Scores of people have had suggestions to make. These experts have claimed that they have been unsuccessful because they have been compelled to give their criticisms separately. So the international committee has asked them to come together, load their biggest gun and fire off the same. There has just been formed a Sunday School Editorial Association, made up of editorial writers of Sunday school helps. This association, on the day following its organization, made two suggestions which the international committee adopted and named subcommittees to carry out. One was that a beginners' course for one year be provided, and that a senior Bible study series be mapped out. Acceptance of these suggestions by the committee broke the uniformity of a scheme of Sunday school lesson study which has been continuous since 1872, and which 12,000,000 scholars and teachers in this country alone study weekly.

The Real Beyond the Ideal.

A touching story was cabled from London, England. It tells how an English nobleman, blind from childhood, had his sight restored just as he was leading his bride to the altar, and then and there saw her for the first time. The sentimental value of the story is made complete by the fact that the bridegroom was drawn more deeply in love than ever by this sudden vision of his bride in all her loveliness of maidenly blushes, orange-blossoms and wedding-gown of angelic white. He had wooed and won her "sight unseen," as the children's old nursery game has it, but she turned out to be even fairer than his fancy had painted her. He had made no mistake in his unseen selection; she was lovelier than he had apprehended, we have no doubt; but he who chooses Christ by faith as his portion, though unseen to his senses here, will find him far beyond the utmost stretch of his imagination when he shall see him as he is and is transformed into his likeness.—Christian Conservator.

A Gigantic Fiction.

Easy to descend! Oh, do let us have done with such a misconception! The most difficult thing that ever a man has to do is to descend. If you want to go down, the first thing you have to do is to do violence to the fine instincts of the body; if you want to go down, you must withstand the eloquence of the affections; if you want to go down, you have to trample under foot your sense of self-respect; if you want to go down, you always have to burst some social bond that holds you like a golden fetter; if you want to go down, you have to argue against your noble understanding; if you go down, you have to fight a bitter battle with the majesty of conscience. The most difficult thing that any man ever has to do is to go down. For the way of transgressors is hard, but the way of virtue is pleasantness, and her paths are peace.—Rev. W. L. Watkinson, in Christian Endeavor World.

Unbelief.

There is no unbelief; Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod, And awaits to see it push away the clod, Trusts he in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,

"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by," Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow

The silent harvest of the future grow, God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Content to lock each sense in slumber deep, Knows "God will keep."

What the World Needs.

What this old world, which seems so cheerless and unkind to the great majority, most needs is not doctrine or instruction, valuable as these are in themselves and in their proper places, but lives inspired by the Christ mind and purpose, which expend themselves in a ministry of light and help to others. The smitten, desolate and unfortunate multitude may have no ear for right teaching, but they recognize immediately the uniqueness of a life which reaches down unselfishly to their great need. This is what is meant by Christlikeness. That is what Bishop Simpson meant in his great sermon when he said that the Christian was to be a real Christ unto men.—Zion's Herald.

Sorrow.

O Sorrow, thou art only a gateway to joy; only a hand to lead us to light. Thy cups are hard to swallow, yet when bravely lifted and swallowed, they but bring us deeper and purer joys. Let us never grieve because of sorrow, but let us take it and go straight to God with it, and make it turn out to be one of the greatest blessings of our whole lives.—Bible Reader.

Forget.

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—Professor Drummond.

A Boston man is so mean that he wants his landlady to reduce the price of his board because he has lost two teeth.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 18th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, " " 1.00
Three Months, " " .50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Branch Office, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1901.

The proposed annexation of Hawaii to the State of California is opposed by the Hawaiians. The islands have an ambition to come into the Union some day as a sovereign State and prefer waiting to becoming an annex to the Golden State.

On Sunday last 4000 soldiers were mustered out of the service and paid off in full at the Presidio in San Francisco. Over a million dollars was transferred from Uncle Sam's strong box to the pockets of these mustered out men. Notwithstanding this big disbursement and the large number of men turned loose from military restraint, there was no disorder, no trouble of any kind. These soldiers quietly melted into the body politic and resumed the duties of civil life just as their fathers did when the end of the civil war came and both grand armies went home. Who says we are menaced by imperialism?

For Exercise Why Not Walk?
The best exercise in the world is walking.

A person who knows how to walk intelligently can get along without a gymnasium. No other form of exercise brings so many muscles into play and develops them so normally. The most popular games are those in which walking forms a prominent part. Golf, croquet and in a sense cricket and even bicycling merely give an excuse for walking.

Every one knows how to walk properly. It is because of carelessness that so many walk badly. The body should be carried erect, the chest well out, the head back, while the arms should swing freely at the sides. The pace should be regulated to one's strength.

Every one should walk fast enough and far enough to get the body in a comfortable glow. To get the best results from walking one should give his undivided attention to it. In other words, he should walk for the pleasure of it and not carry worries with him. Excessive walking is injurious. Never walk just after a heavy meal or after violent exercise. And after a walk it is well to rest for 10 or 15 minutes before taking up severe mental work.

Lamb in Either Case.

One of the editors who read the manuscript of Henry Thew Stephenson's "Patron Van Volkenberg" thought that the author might be a good man to know. Accordingly he wrote a pleasant personal letter, inviting a better acquaintance, and, as one of the tests of companionable fitness, inquired whether the author preferred Lamb or Milton.

Mr. Stephenson replied, acknowledging the pleasure the letter had given him and saying:

"I do not know whether you ask if I like Lamb or Milton or Lamb or Milton best, but in either case it's Lamb."

Given the reflection on the editor's handwriting could not detract from the editorial approbation of Mr. Stephenson's choice, and the new partnership of minds was immediately formed.—*Yonkers Companion.*

Two Anecdotes of Colonel Ingersoll. Senators Morrill, Voorhees and Gorman were conversing together outside the senate chamber. Colonel Ingersoll chanced to pass by. Mr. Voorhees greeted him and said: "We are discussing the meaning of 'improbable.' What is your definition of the word?" Promptly Colonel Ingersoll replied, "It is a negro going in an opposite direction from a brass band."

Colonel Ingersoll was a temperate man, but not a teetotaler. One day Mrs. James G. Blaine was passing through Fifteenth street opposite the treasury department, when out from a liquid refreshment saloon came Colonel Ingersoll and a friend. "My dear colonel," said she, "you would not be seen coming out of such a place, would you?" "My dear madam," replied he, "would you expect me to stay there all the time?"—*Washington Star.*

A Scoop.

"What did your wife do when she found those poker chips in your overcoat pocket?" asked the practical joker. "She took the matter very coolly. She found out where they came from and sent a messenger boy to get them cashed."—*Washington Star.*

Quick and Effective.

Willie—How did you break your wife of the "advanced woman" craze?
Wise—Told her everybody thought it meant "advanced" in years.—*Kansas City Independent.*

ONLY HUMAN.

Humanity's a foolish thing
In spite of constant preaching;
It's always blindly blundering
From texts of wisdom's teaching.
And yet, though thus it fails to keep
Wise precepts to the letter,
You'll find, with lagging time's slow creep,
Humanity grows better!

It seems much like a healthy child
In each new generation;
Its heart is venturesome and wild,
A constant aggravation;
But don't despair; a patient will
Its progress befriending,
And, though it slips and stumbles still,
Humanity's ascending!

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

A TRICKSTER TRICKED.

The Car Conductor Tried to Turn the Table. Which Fell on Him.

"He was such a nice, pleasant, smooth spoken guy," said the Madison avenue trolley conductor merrily, "that when he skinned off a clean looking ten spot from his roll and gave it to me to take his fare from and said it was the very smallest thing he had in his pocket, I didn't have the heart to put him off. I told him the company didn't require us to give change for more than \$2, but it was all right this time, and he rode from Forty-second to Fifty-ninth and got a transfer for nothing."

"Two days after that I picked up the same 'geezer' at Forty-second, and before I got around to him we were almost to Fifty-ninth. He fumbled around in his pockets for three more blocks and ended by fishing out the same old 'tenner.' I kicked, but he seemed so sorry about it that he deadheaded right along to Fifty-ninth and got off, after apologizing about his forgetfulness. He was the most gentlemanly, high bred cuss I ever saw."

"It wasn't more than a week before I got him again at the same old place, and with the same old X. He seemed to be loaded with big money, and he chimed me against my will right along to Fifty-ninth again before I got on to myself. Then I made up my mind to lay for him."

"I got around among the boys at the car house and bought up at half price all the old 'half cents' I could get. I got hold of up to \$10 worth. I got together 400 pennies of every age, size and color from the dark ages up. Some were greasy, others were worn smooth and others still had been stepped on and run over until they were broad, flat and smooth. There were 15 or 20 Canadian 10 cent pieces, a teacupful of worn and battered nickels, a few French francs and the balance in those ancient quarters that have been worn until they look like smooth white disks."

"It was a beautiful quart of junk, and I carried it around in an old sock in my back pocket for three days before I picked up the kazabo I was laying for. The car was crowded, but I made right for him."

"Fare," said I innocently, "Sure enough, he flashed the same old ten bones, throwing in a graceful apology and gentlemanly song and dance about his deuced forgetfulness."

"Don't mention it," says I, taking the bill, which made him start a little. Then pulling out the sock I began unloading money on him. I had the motorman tipped to go slow, and by hustling lively I got the whole business counted out to him before I got to Fifty-ninth. He filled his pockets and then tied up a bunch of metal in his handkerchief, while the other passengers gazed him good and plenty."

"Transfer?" said I at last.

"Yes, please," said he meekly and got off at Fifty-ninth.

The boys had a great laugh over it at the carhouse, and I felt mighty proud of my feat. I was just about to tell the story to the cashier when I went to turn my money in at the end of the day, when, after looking at the \$10 note, he flung it back to me.

"No good. Counterfeit," said he. "I didn't say a word, but went back behind a car and kicked myself good and hard."

"I've been waiting for that well dressed gent ever since, but he doesn't take my car any more."—*New York Times.*

Betting Incidents.

Many betting men are very superstitious and attach importance to trifling omens. The Westminster Gazette tells a story of a Birmingham gunmaker who backed Daniel O'Rourke, the winner of the Derby in 1852, solely through seeing his son reading a book entitled "Daniel O'Rourke's Voyage to the Moon." "I took the tip at once," he would say when talking of the incident, and he was successful.

A gentleman once backed Ellington, who won the Derby of 1856, from the fact that he happened to see the "W" in the word "Wellington" obscured by the hand of a clock placed over the door of a London restaurant.

It is also told of a commercial traveler, that he backed Doncaster through the simple expedient of writing the horses' names on pieces of paper, rolling them into pellets, throwing them against the wall and backing the one which rebounded farthest and which, as it happened, held the name of the winner of the Derby of 1874.

How China Was Explored.

As far back as 1816 English explorers began their work in southern China, for in that year Amherst made a journey along the banks of the Peking, one of the northern tributaries of the Sikiang, sometimes called the river of Canton, but Macartney had already done valuable work up the same stream in 1793. It was not, however, until the early part of the second half of the century—in the sixties—that systematic exploration of that part of China was undertaken. During that decade the southwestern and southern provinces were regularly quartered out by English explorers.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Rather Warm.

Here is a story which General Burgoyne used to tell: At a great dinner party in India the sun was so powerful that a blind being moved accidentally for a few seconds the rays lighted upon the hostess and reduced her to ashes. Her husband, having noticed the catastrophe, called to a servant and directed him to sweep up his mistress and bring another bottle of claret.

Not Afraid.

"She talked to him just to let him know she wasn't afraid of old bachelors." "Yes?" "And he talked to her just to let her know that he wasn't afraid of widows." "Well?" "Oh, they're married now."—*Chicago Record.*

A FAMOUS BASTILE.

CHATEAU D'IF IS ONE OF THE GREAT SIGHTS IN FRANCE.

Crowds of Pilgrims Visit the Prison Wherein Dumas Located His Great Characters in "Monte-Christo," "Edmond Dantes and Abbe Faria."

"Is it true," I asked of M. Chanoit, the president of the general council of Marseilles, "that they actually show the cells of Dantes and the Abbe Faria at the Chateau d'If?" says a Marseilles correspondent of the Paris Temps.

"Certainly, no doubt of it," replied M. Chanoit, and everything that he added was enough to send a fellow into a profound reverie. The next day I took the steamboat which goes three times a day to the Chateau d'If. What an immense number of readers Dumas still has! The big boat was crowded. In the throng there were three priests, one military man, a number of Englishmen, Knights of the Legion of Honor, workmen and business men. The trip lasted about half an hour. Everybody was serious, and very properly when on a pilgrimage. Through the Chateau d'If appeared. Upon an island of about 800 meters in circumference, entirely surrounded by walls, stands the heavy building with its great towers and square dungeon. There is something imposing in the thing, which comes from the somewhat golden color of the stones, the very heaviness of the mass and the abundance of the solids over the voids, as an architect might say. It was never anything but a state prison, the bastille of the south, and Francis I. himself in 1524 laid the first stone of it. Through personal experience he was well up in prison.

The cells open upon a sort of interior courtyard, narrow and somber. Many are without windows, and some are veritable dungeons below the surface of the exterior soil. Three of the largest and most striking are on the first floor. They are the cells of the famous prisoners—the Iron Mask, who in 1686 was taken thence to the island of Ste. Marguerite; Philippe Egalite, the father of Louis Philippe, who was decapitated on Nov. 6, 1793; and Mirabeau, who was sent there by virtue of a letter de cachet demanded by his father after his separation from Mlle. de Marignane, a sensitive woman and about as inconstant as her inconstant husband.

But my companions paid little attention to these cells. They made a rush for a cell on the ground floor, perfectly terrible in its aspect, with a door framed in iron, a bolt that weighed at least 12 pounds and with a little barred window. After passing through that door we entered a dry cave lighted solely by a little lamp. There is a notice outside which reads as follows: "Cell of Abbe Faria, expelled from Rome in 1311; imprisoned in the Chateau d'If as a conspirator; died in 1329."

Nevertheless this is only an antechamber. The cell of Faria is a sort of tomb in the farthest corner and in which one can hardly stand upright. In one of the walls is the hole made by the abbe to communicate with Dantes. Sure enough, there is the hole! What son of the south ever made it? Nobody knows. But there it is, irrefutable proof of the power for realization that a popular work possesses. And the cell of Dantes can be vaguely seen through that hole. It is seen in a mystery all the more terrifying because the military engineers walked up the door so that it is impossible to enter.

"Dantes, Dantes!" cried one of the pilgrims who wanted to play the practical joker. But he did not do it well. His voice was almost trembling, and if Dantes really did reply the joker would not have been at all astonished. How admirable and touching is the creative power of imagination!

According to the serious archaeologists, among whom is M. Espereandieu, the famous architect, there were really prisoners in that horrible cave. One was named Bernardot, a rich merchant of Marseilles, who was arrested on the charge of having spoken disrespectfully of Cardinal Richelieu. He died there of starvation, and Jean Paul, a sailor, who struck his commander, died there in 1779, after 31 years' captivity.

It is doubtless the story of these two men, literally buried alive, that inspired Dumas. Today for everybody it is the prison of Faria, and the inscriptions are there to certify the existence of the unfortunate abbe. Is it not true that epigraphic monuments constitute the most authentic source of history? Well, the epigraph of the Chateau d'If affirms that Dantes and Faria really lived. Can posterity ask for anything more? The old guide, Gresson, who was probably the author of this mise en scene, gave details still more precise. "Here is the hole," said he, "made by Mgr. Faria with a fish bone!"

And so at the present time Faria and Dantes really live. A few years ago an Italian kissed the stones of these cells and wept. Doubtless it was while reading "Monte-Christo" that this son of the peninsula had his first dreams of the freedom of his country; for the Abbe Faria was sent to the Chateau d'If, according to the fancy of the romancer, for having taken up again the plan of Borgia. The man who could create such a legend was certainly no ordinary person. There is only one writer perhaps who shares his glory, Rabelais. The peasants of Touraine will show today in all seriousness the localities which Gargantua loved to haunt.

In thinking all these things I returned with the crowd back to the steamer. The captain showed me a little island in the sea, a mass of rugged and tragic looking rocks. "That is Tiboulon," said he, "where Dantes landed after his escape."

I must confess that, as I write, I really believe that the story of "Monte-Christo" is all perfectly true.

Male and Female Queernesses. Call a girl chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a young girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she'll hate you. Women are queer.

If you call a man a gay dog it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear, and yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer.—*Freeport (Ills.) Journal.*

A sign of politeness in Tibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hands and stick out the tongue.

It is estimated that about 400,000 acres of land in the United States are planted with vines.

THE OSPREY'S NEST

Ingenuity and Strength Used In Providing Materials For It.

The genius displayed by fishhawks in nest building time is often wonderful, leading persons to suspect that the mechanical calculations of the bird are equal to those of the average human being. The hawks frequent forests and groves fringing the waters of Narragansett bay to obtain material for building new nests and repairing old ones. Rotten limbs of trees high over one's head are heard snapping and cracking.

This snapping of sticks is caused by fishhawks. Mechanically they examine and break off the limbs by sheer force, something that is unique in the character of birds. A hawk flying about wheels short on its wings, having selected a decayed stick that is suitable on some oak tree. Something after the fashion of tent pegging the hawk charges past and just above the bough. Just as he is passing the limb, with great dexterity he books his claws upon it, and, without stopping in his flight and with wings flapping furiously enough, bang goes the report of the breaking of the rotten limb, and triumphantly the feathered wonder carries to the nest the stick, sometimes 4 inches in diameter and 4 1/2 feet long. Although as a rule the birds break off the limbs at the first attempt, they have been seen to try the operation on the same stick two and three times before being successful. In case the stick is not broken off the first time they do not loose their hold, but incessantly flap their broad wings in the air, exhausting every measure toward accomplishing their purpose.

Ordinarily their bodies are not so heavy as to cause one to suspect that they could break off such stout pieces of boughs, but the momentum carried in their flight as they look on to the limb without stopping almost invariably causes their efforts to be crowned with success. The loud snapping noise of the breaking of tree branches by the hawks would lead a person not accustomed to their habits to suppose that an elephant was running amuck through the forest.

Of about four feet in width and of a compact structure the nests can withstand the fury of severe storms. The fabric is so woven and bound crisscross fashion that caven have been known of the nests remaining intact even after the wind felled the tree or pole and threw the nest violently to the ground. A severe storm blew down a fishhawk's nest at Warren a year ago, leaving the nest bottom up. It was discovered several days later with three young dead birds inside. Being imprisoned, they had died of hunger.—*Forest and Stream.*

THE AVENGER'S WRATH.

His Meeting With the Man Who Murdered His Brother.

The brother of one of the victims of "Jim" Cullen certainly had reason for his wrath. Cullen had hacked to death the Presque Isle deputy sheriff and his companion, who went out into the woods to arrest the big, hulking scoundrel. It was a particularly brutal and unprovoked crime, and "Jim" Cullen was lynched by the infuriated citizens of the section—but that is a story that I have no time to tell here.

When the news of the double murder came out to Presque Isle, the brother of one of the victims became fairly frantic in his rage. He stormed, he cursed and raved, and he begged to be allowed to get at the villain who had done the deed.

The people said one to another, "We mustn't have another tragedy. What's his name will be sure to kill Cullen if he gets at him, and so we must keep them apart."

Therefore two or three men were detailed to keep guard over the raving brother and look to it that he didn't form any connection with Cullen.

The murderer was guarded in a little store all the day after the crime. He was to be kept there till arrangements could be made to take him to Presque Isle village. The store was filled with curiosity seekers and the posse that had arrested him.

All at once the door of the store flew open and in strode a fierce and wild man. His eyes were rolling, his face was convulsed with rage and grief. It was the brother of the victim. He had in some manner escaped from those that guarded him, and here he was ten miles from Presque Isle looking for the man whom he had sworn to chew into mince meat.

So fierce was the brother's demeanor that the crowd instinctively broke before him. A clear aisle was left between him and the cowering Cullen.

The brother strode forward. Some of the bystanders turned away their heads. They expected to see blood fly all over the place. The men were face to face. The brother—the avenger—raised both his fists. Then he shouted:

"Whang blank you to blanknation, I'm a good mind to kick your jaw off'n ye!"

That was all there was to it. Then they led him gently away and shut the door on him.

I've seen men a great deal like that myself. Have you?—*Denver Post.*

How Culture May Be Acquired.

A few pictures on the walls, a little reading now and then each day, never overlooking a choice bit of poetry, a visit to the art galleries, museums, libraries whenever possible, without neglecting the more practical needs of life, and soon, while the mind is young, the habit is formed, the love of knowledge, books and art will become deep rooted and continue to grow until old age comes. When it does come, it will find gray hairs—yes, and wrinkles, too, perhaps—but it will also find smiles of contentment, with a vista of years gone by that will bring memories of the "and half their joys renew."—*Weekly Bonquet.*

The Translation.

On the gate of the cemetery in Rio de Janeiro is a notice in Spanish, French and English that no dogs are admitted unless led by the owner. This is how the announcement is made in "English": "Noble mesdames and gentlemen who may desire a dog to follow in this tomb-yard will not be permission in this tomb-yard by a cable round him throttle."

A Philanthropist.

He (angrily)—You've no right to be engaged to so many men at once. She (sweetly)—You see, I believe in the greatest good to the greatest number.—*Brooklyn Life.*

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient: Do something for somebody.

From 1702 to 1807 more than 3,500,000 Africans were taken from their country as slaves.

Don't Believe All You Hear.

A man in a railway carriage was snoring so loudly that his fellow passengers decided to awake him. One particularly sensitive old gentleman shook up the sleeper with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the carriage," said the old gentleman testily.

"How do you know I'm snoring?"

"Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the culprit and went to sleep again.—*London Standard.*

Took No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson," said the board of trade clerk. "You've married us, and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you \$2, the regular fee, now and call it square or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's \$100."

The clergyman looked long and earnestly at the energetic, determined young woman and sighed.

"Give me the \$2," he said.—*Chicago Post.*

They Hadn't Made Up.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in the package?"

"Not very," his wife, still unrelenting, replied indifferently.

"It's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Difficult to Treat.

"Well, what is the matter with your husband?" the physician asked as he laid down his repair kit and removed his gloves.

"Imaginary Insomnia," replied Mrs. Fosdick.

"Imaginary Insomnia?" repeated the physician inquiringly.

"That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets lots more sleep than I do."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Philosopher.

Wife—There's a burglar down cellar, Henry.

Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are up stairs.

Wife—But he'll come up here.

Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely a ten room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.

Not a Bargain.

"How much will you charge for marrying us, squire?" asked the stalwart bridegroom, painfully conscious of his new suit of ready made clothing.

"I am entitled by law to a fee of \$2," replied the justice of the peace.

"Perhaps, Alfred," timidly suggested the blushing bride, "we might get it done somewhere else for \$1.98."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Marveled at It.

"Yes," said Mr. Henry Peck, "I like to go to the circus. One sees so many daring deeds. For instance, did you ever see anything more reckless than the way in which the ringmaster cracks his whip at the ladies who ride the horses?"—*Baltimore American.*

Misplaced Ability.

The young collegian snapped his watch lid down with a sigh of relief. "Preached 47 minutes," he announced to his neighbor. "We ought to get a man with wind like that on our track team."—*Exchange.*

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

No sickness in town.
Everyone employed.
Cool and comfortable weather.
Wanted badly—better mail and train service in this town.
Senator Healy has the McGrath cottage No. 2 about completed.
Mrs. J. O. Snyder is visiting her father, Mr. Earle, at Coyote.
A slim paper this week. All on account of the glorious fourth.
George Bissett has enlarged his dwelling by a commodious addition.
A few flats in Hansbrough block still vacant. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.
Miss Annie McGovern of Oakland spent Saturday and Sunday visiting Mr. Hickey Sr.
Miss Edna Wilson of Redwood City is spending a few days visiting Mrs. Arthur Coombes.

The Fourth of July holiday made local news scarce. Everybody went away on the 4th for a good time.

Tom Connolly returned on Friday of last week from a two weeks' vacation at Carters looking as good as new.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Mrs. Dunlop and children of Alameda have just returned home after spending a week visiting Mrs. S. C. Coombes.

Married.—In San Francisco, June 29, 1901, Herman Hinz and Wilhelmina Laycock, Rev. J. Fuendeling officiating.

Only one mail train daily out of this town and it goes in the dewy morn at 6:45 and in the wrong direction to be of much use.

Miss Clara Schutt, sister of Max Schutt, has been spending the past week visiting her brother and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Karbe at this place.

Mrs. O. C. Tryer of San Francisco paid a visit to her friend Mrs. P. R. Brown on Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. Tryer took the first prize at the Women of Woodcraft ball Saturday evening.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

The ball given by the Women of Woodcraft on last Saturday eve was a grand success in every respect. Every one is talking about it and all agree that the ladies laid all previous entertainments away in the shade.

The difference between our local butchers union and the Butchertown Union is that our butchers blew in the treasury funds in having a good time, whilst the Butchertown boys left their treasurer do the blowing in act.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Nicholas Lund, owner of the newspaper route at this place, died at his home in San Francisco on Thursday of last week as a result of an operation for appendicitis. Deceased was a native of Germany, aged 38 years. Mr. Lund was a nephew of C. J. Hynding and at one time conducted the Redwood City House at Redwood City. Deceased leaves a wife to mourn his loss.

The members of the local Women of Woodcraft Vala Flor Circle gave a very enjoyable dance Saturday evening June 29th, at Armour Pavilion for the benefit of their fund. Everything passed off very pleasantly and the entertainment was a success financially. All the members of the Circle express their sincere thanks to the generous public for their kind assistance and patronage. To those who so kindly assisted with donations we extend our grateful thanks. We are pleased to state that after paying our expenses we have fifty-three dollars and some odd cents to our credit. We are also indebted to Mr. A. E. Shirley for the donation of a ladies' watch chain to be raffled off. The gate prize was also donated by neighbor Charles Robinson. Members of Vala Circle, Women of Woodcraft.

WAYSIDE NOTES FROM SAN BRUNO ROAD.

Mr. H. Waite extends an anonymous invitation to those in need of fuel. Mr. H. Waite hails from Stockton, and is as charitably inclined an individual as one would wish to find; one will notice by the way he has been preparing for the comforts of his neighbors during these chilly nights. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and self-comfort is the second. A man sometimes will fight for his wife, child, dog, and sometimes for himself; he will rob, cheat, steal or do anything else for his comfort,—that is, if he is of the egotistic type, and he no doubt sometimes is. There is a certain colony of this type living in the southern part of San Francisco county and these cold nights in July have interfered considerably with their comforts, yea, they have been made exceedingly uncomfortable. So much so, in fact, that they have been forced to go forth in these moonlight nights and gather in warming material from Mr. Waite's large lumber pile. Mr. Waite has for some time noticed with alarm the rapidity with which his various piles of lumber are decreasing, and his alarm increases as his lumber decreases. Now it so happens that Mr. Waite is not of egotistic per-

suasions; and, indeed, he is extremely altruistic and the comforts of his distressed fellow beings are a matter of great concern to him. In fact, he is getting so he can lie awake all night thinking of the comforts of his unknown friends. He fears their supply of warming material may give out before the nights grow warm. Then what would become of his distressed friends? Fearing lest this great catastrophe may befall them, he has purchased other warming material, of various kinds; yea, he has purchased shotguns and shot, and a plentiful supply of powder withal, and he is now prepared to warm his friends with a lasting warmth. It may only take effect in spots, but he will do his best to warm them all over and make them as comfortable as the law will allow. In fact, if necessary, he will furnish red-wood overcoats for a limited number of the more uncomfortable. Those desiring donations need not inconvenience themselves by calling early, the reception committee will stay up all night and wait for you.

The scow Dora landed ninety tons of hay for the Guadalupe Dairy Company on the first Monday of the glorious month of July.

The San Bruno quarry is not shipping much rock in its present handicapped condition.

What became of the sprinkler? We are in need of a July shower; with the present velocity of the wind and dust intermingled, the citizens of San Bruno road are about choked to death. We pray to our benevolent supervisor to save us. Ah—men.

The Little Thing is the only place on the San Bruno road, that has no flies in it just now. The alert proprietor is too fly for them.

Mr. McMullen and wife intend going south as far as San Pedro, for their summer vacation. They intend to sandwich Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara on this trip of pleasure.

Frank McConlogue has taken a religious turn of mind and refuses to further imbibe. There is no other—only Shaw.

Our little friend Hoffman informs us that two men were knocked off of one of Warren's rock barges lying in China basin, but were not seriously hurt, though thoroughly soaked.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1901: Mr. Clayburgh, Giuseppe Correo, Austin Gray, Mrs. J. J. Murray, Charles Ochio, Peter Ruis, Humphrey Sullivan, G. Wyant, Foreign—Hans Adler and James Connelly.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

FARE WILL BE TWENTY CENTS.

Henry H. Taylor and Henry T. Scott, executors of the last will of Fanny Easton Taylor, have sold two acres belonging to the estate at Millbrae to W. D. K. Gibson for a right-of-way for the San Mateo Electric Railway. One of the covenants of the deed is that the company shall not charge more than 20 cents from Millbrae to San Francisco. H. H. Taylor has also disposed of one acre near Millbrae for the same purpose and under the same condition.—Times-Gazette.

THE ASSESSOR'S VALUATION.

Assessor Hayward has just completed the assessment roll of this county for 1900, which places the total value of property at \$14,027,435. The amount of mortgages is \$1,260,875 and the number of acres of land assessed in the county is 287,048. There is a decrease of \$50,000 in the total valuation compared to that of last year, owing to the removal of Mary Crocker to New York. She was assessed last year for \$250,000 valuation for bonds and stock.—Times-Gazette.

PHELPS RANCH WILL BE SOLD.

W. B. Gilbert is engaged this week in surveying the T. G. Phelps ranch at San Carlos to secure proper descriptions for the attorneys for the estate, who will make application to the Superior Court for an order to sell the property.—Times-Gazette.

DELINQUENT TAXES, TOWN OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FOR FISCAL YEAR 1900-1901.

Cooper, T.—Lot 40, block 101, South San Francisco.	1 75
Tax	23
Delinquency	50
Costs	2 48
Total	2 48
Koeferd, Martin—Lot 17, block 118, South San Francisco.	1 75
Tax	23
Delinquency	50
Costs	2 48
Total	2 48
Merriam, A. T.—Lots 1 and 2, block 148, South San Francisco.	79 15
Tax	9 90
Delinquency	1 00
Costs	90 05
Total	90 05
Patterson, Ada M.—Lot 7, block 126, South San Francisco.	1 75
Tax	23
Delinquency	50
Costs	2 48
Total	2 48
Verba Buena Building and Loan Association—West 33 feet 4 inches of lot 32, block 101, South San Francisco.	5 15
Tax	26
Delinquency	1 00
Costs	6 41
Total	6 41
Healey, M. F.—Lot 21, Subdiv. of block 133, and personal property.	5 60
Tax	1 12
Delinquency	1 10
Costs	8 22
Total	8 22
Baden Brick Company—22.16 acres of land bounded north, east, south and west by South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.'s lands.	14 55
Tax	1 83
Delinquency	1 00
Costs	17 38
Total	17 38

FOUND.

On the streets of this town a package containing a coat, vest, shirt and pair of overalls. Inquire at Postoffice.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

House of five rooms with a large barn, large chicken house, and all fenced, with water. Will rent land with premises if desired. Very good for chicken ranch. Inquire of John Mangini, 16-Mile House, near Millbrae.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

Lincoln's Swear Word.

One story that is told of Lincoln relates to that extreme, corrective critical attitude which Secretary Seward always maintained toward the president.

Mr. Lincoln and the secretary had managed to escape from a man who had been boring them, and as they reached the house the president threw himself into an armchair and exclaimed:

"By jings, governor, we are here!"

Mr. Seward replied by asking in a reproving tone:

"Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?"

Mr. Lincoln immediately turned to several young men who had entered the room in time to hear the exclamation and said:

"Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By jings' is swearing, for my good old mother taught me that anything that had a 'by' before it is swearing. I won't do so any more."—Youth's Companion.

Only Sunburned.

Last summer two little girls in a College avenue family were repeatedly remonstrated with by their indulgent mother for playing bareheaded in the sun. "You will be burned so badly," said she to them finally, "that people will think you are black children." Her warning had little effect, however, and she gave up trying to keep their hats on.

One day she sent them to a neighbor a block or so distant to make some inquiries concerning a washwoman. Mrs. S., the neighbor in question, mistook them for the children of a Mrs. Black who lived in another street nearby.

"You are the little Black children, are you not?" she asked.

"Oh, no," came the prompt response from the elder. "Only sunburned."—Indianapolis News.

Wonderful Stones.

The brain of the tortoise was supposed to contain a wonderful stone which was efficacious in extinguishing fire and when placed under the tongue would produce prophetic inspiration. Another stone possessing the latter property was to be found in the eye of the hyena. The head of the cat, however, was thought to contain what would undoubtedly have been the most wonderful and most desirable treasure of all could it have only had a real instead of an imaginary existence, for that man who was so fortunate as to possess this precious stone would have all his wishes granted.—Chambers' Journal.

Tarantulas Are Enemies.

Tarantulas are considered deadly foes to each other and are seldom found in company. When imprisoned together, there is a fight, one succumbs and is eaten by the victor. Nature has done a service in making the tarantula so hideous and formidable looking an object. Indeed, it is owing to this repulsiveness that no greater number of persons are stung. The sight of the great, hairy spider crawling near by will cause a cold, creeping sensation down the back of almost any one.

A Neighboring Disturbance.

First Neighbor—Well, my daughter doesn't play the piano any worse than your son writes poetry.
Second Ditto—Perhaps not, but it can be heard so much farther.—Detroit Free Press.

Making the Choir Sing.

Many conscientious ministers have had trouble with wayward choirs, but not all have had Dr. Samuel West's witty address or management. There had been difficulty with the singers, and they had given out that they should not sing on the next Sunday. This was told to Dr. West. "Well, well, we will see," he said and on Sunday morning gave out his hymn. After reading it he said very emphatically, "You will begin with the second verse:

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God."
The hymn was sung.

The Sun.

Astronomers tell us that refractory elements like iron, silicon and carbon, perhaps dissociated into simpler substances, are present as vapors in the atmosphere of the sun and that many others of our well known elements, including hydrogen, are also present in this glowing atmosphere, while the heat of the sun's surface and that of the hotter stars is vastly higher than that of the electric furnace.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Being offered freely and prices are lower.
SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.
HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.
PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: 1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 8½¢; 2d quality, 8¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢; 7¢; thin Cows, 5¢; 6¢.
HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6¼¢; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5¼¢; 5½¢; rough heavy hogs, 4¼¢; 5¢.
SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 4¢; 4¼¢; L.W.S., 3¼¢; 3½¢. Suckling Lambs, \$2.50 per head; or 4¼¢ per lb live wt.
CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5¼¢; over 250 lbs, 4¼¢; 5¢.
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.
BEEF—First quality steers, 7½¢; second quality, 7¢; first quality cows and heifers, 6½¢; second quality, 6¢; third quality, 5½¢.
VEAL—Large, 7¢; small, good, 9¢; 9½¢; common, 8¢.
MUTTON—Wethers, 7¢; Ewes, 6½¢; 7½¢; Suckling Lambs, 8¢; 9¢.
DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8¼¢; 9¢.
PROVISIONS—Hams, 13½¢; picnic hams, 12½¢; Atlanta ham, 10½¢; New York, shoulder, 10¢.
BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15½¢; light S. C. bacon, 15¢; med. bacon, clear, 12¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½¢; clear light, 13½¢; clear ex. light bacon, 14½¢.
BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.25; do, hf-bbl, \$6.37½; Family Beef, bbl, \$12.00; hf-bbl, \$6.25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25.
PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11¢; do, light, 11¼¢; do, Bellies, 11½¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$22.50; hf-bbls, \$11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.75; do, kits, \$1.25.
LARD—Prices are: 1 lb: Ties, ¼-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7 7½ 7 7½ 7 7½ 7 7½ Cal. pure 10½ 10½ 10½ 10½ 10½ 10½ In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.
CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.50; is \$1.40; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.50; 1s, \$1.40.
TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

309 and 311 THIRD STREET, San Francisco. Telephone—Red 1712.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

Walter F. Bailey Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. E. Pymire, M. D. SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand for sale Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop. GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHELFELDER, Proprietor. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND— THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD, Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited. South San Francisco, Cal.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

LOVE'S ROSES BY THE WAY.

Life may be a thorny way—
Briers in our path—
But the fragrance of the rose
A sweet soothing bath.
Vicious thorns may tear and sting;
Symbols they of wrath;
Love's sweet roses ever bloom
Fragrant by our path.

Life may be a cloudy way—
Hid the heaven's blue—
But the sun still sheds its light
Up above for you.
Though the storm to-day may rage
And pour out its wrath;
After all, God's sacred bow
Arches o'er the path.

Life may be a weary way—
Wearyness brings rest.
Sorrow's hand may fall on us—
Mourning ones are blessed.
Winds may chill and storms may sting,
Storms may vent their wrath;
Love's sweet roses still will bloom
Fragrant by our path.

The Wedding Dress

RODERICK HENTON was about to visit his great-aunt, and he sat in the train under the glass roof of Paddington, impatient to start. There are various reasons for visiting one's great-aunt, such as politeness, policy, necessity—or it may be to give pleasure (from your point of view), or to gain it (from hers). But impatience is not as a rule one of the accompanying emotions. The explanation of it in Henton's case was this: He had just returned from Blois, a town of middle France, and from a study of the French language, and there had preceded him—by the space of three months—from the same town and the same study one whom he knew to be the most beautiful lady in the world. She lived at Palignon; Mr. Henton's great-aunt also lived there. "Que voulez-vous?" as they used to say at Blois—Mr. Henton was impatient to visit his great-aunt.



"IT SEEMS A LONG TIME SINCE WE WERE AT BLOIS."

Three months is a long time, particularly when spent in a perusal of the French irregular verbs and equally irregular French minor poets. Henton realized that as he sat in the train. It is possible to forget so many things in three months. He himself could forget nothing—except irregular verbs—either in those three months or the three before, when there had been boating, riding, picnics on the Loire. But would she remember—that afternoon, for instance—the vines were particularly purple on either bank, and there was hardly a gust or ripple, when he ran the boat into the sand bank, and they had to wait there for over an hour in midstream? She had been most gracious about it, and he had considered few places equal to a sand bank on the Loire. But after three months! The most beautiful person in the world must certainly have so many other things—and people—to remember. Would the train never start?

Some one—a man—came up to the carriage door, opened it, and began to ram in baggage—things strapped together, and parcels and a box marked "With care"—cardboard—obviously connected in some way with millinery.

"Is that all?" asked the man, turning to some people behind.

"Everything. But have you put my box in carefully?"

Henton sat up in his seat. It was the inevitable third person. She spoke. It was her luggage. She was coming down in the same train with him. Truly the Great Western was the finest line in the world.

The man was reassuring her about the box.

"It wouldn't do if your wedding dress went wrong," he said.

Henton, who had risen to his feet eagerly, collapsed as if with cramp. Wedding dress? The man had said wedding dress.

"I shouldn't be able to proceed with the ceremony if it were crushed."

"Poor bridegroom!" said one of the others.

"It's in the rack," chattered the man; "safe as toast, honor bright. And there's no hurry about getting in. Train doesn't go for ten minutes yet. Let's walk up and down. I suppose after to-morrow we shan't see you till the honeymoon is over?"

The party turned away from the carriage door and went down the platform. Henton was left to his contemplation, the hateful box before his eyes. So—she was to be married to-morrow, and by an irony of fate he was to travel down with her and her wedding dress. This was to put faith in a woman. It might have been expected, of course, if he had not been a fool. It would have been polite to let him know she was engaged; that could easily have been done. But, after all, politeness. At least two things were certain. Of all rivers in the world, the Loire was the most deceptive. Of all railway lines

the Great Western was the most diabolical. What is the good of vines being purple, or of running boats into sand banks?

An old gentleman got into the carriage, took a corner by the door, and threw a pocket handkerchief over his head, as if contemplating sleep. His entry gave Henton the idea of escaping while there was yet time before being seen. As he stumbled to the door the insufferable man who had rammed in the luggage turned the handle.

"Jump in, Maisie," he said. "Train's just off."

Henton returned to the far end of the carriage. Maisie had got in and was bidding good-by through the window.

"Good-by!" they chorused.

"Don't forget to give me a tender glance as you go down the aisle to-morrow," added the insufferable man.

"I shall be too nervous," she said.

She took her seat as the train began to move, and in so doing became aware of Mr. Henton for the first time. A faint blush came to her cheek.

"Mr. Henton?" she said, holding out her hand. "This is a pleasure and surprise."

"A great surprise," he answered, icily, "and—pleasure."

She looked a little perplexed at his coolness.

"Are you going so far as Palignon?" she asked.

"Farther," he said, "considerably farther." He had decided to go to the extreme limits of the world, where whirlpools are, and volcanoes and other desperate things. She looked at him in wonder, resenting his tone, but made another effort.

"It seems a long time since we were at Blois?"

"Only three months; but I agree with you that one can forget a good deal in three months."

As a matter of fact he was agreeing with himself.

"Not the sand banks on the Loire?" she said, mischievously.

"Sand banks? Oh, yes—on the Loire—of course."

"And the vines," she went on, "how beautiful they were!—particularly that day we—but I'm afraid I'm boring you with reminiscences?"

"A very pleasant day," said Henton, frigidly. "But I did not think at that time that I was to have the pleasure—of congratulating you on your—your wedding dress."

"Oh," she said—and a glimmer of amusement danced in her eyes—"thank you. If I had only known you were to be in England—but you won't even be near—otherwise I should have given you an informal invitation to come and see the ceremony."

"I regret that I shall not be in the neighborhood."

"Then of course it's impossible."

Her tone was as cold as his now, and she also sat back in her corner. The train rolled on and the old gentleman dozed at intervals. Finally, as the train began to indicate a halt, he awoke and inquired if they were approaching his destination.

"I think so," she said, looking out.

"Then perhaps some one will oblige me by handing out my parcels as I get down," said the old gentleman, looking toward Henton.

He might as well have addressed the cushions. Henton was planning a scheme for exploring Patagonia, provided that rattlesnakes abounded there.

"Politeness!" snapped the old gentleman.

"May I help you?" She handed him out his bag and his parcels and his cushion.

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you. But in my day it was the young men who assisted the old—"

The sound of his snapping aroused Henton, and he sprang up confusedly.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he inquired.

"No, sir. You cannot, sir. There is a time for assistance, sir, and that time is when assistance is required, not when it is entirely useless."

"I beg your pardon," said Henton.

"I'm afraid I didn't notice you were getting out."

"In my day," said the old gentleman mercilessly, "young men had eyes in their—"

But the train began to move before the aphorism was complete. They were alone in the carriage now, both silent—she with her eyes fixed on a magazine, the pages of which she perused and turned over with an almost inconceivable rapidity, without observing apparently that she held it upside down; he staring out of the window at the moving landscape. For the artist, of course, it is an interesting part of the country to pass through. There are no views to speak of, and anyone whose ideal of a river is that it should be brown with sandbanks will not find it in the occasional silvery meander of the Thames. On the other hand, there are many things that one can glare at with a considerable show of enthusiasm, such as cows and advertisement boards. As a potential cowboy Henton would naturally lose no opportunity of jotting in his memory points about cows, and he even began to wonder whether or no it would be necessary to provide himself with a stock of "Zos-offont" before starting for Patagonia. In his mind's eye he had already laid in three cows and a rifle and some tooth powder, and had booked his passage—steerage—when he awoke to the fact that, when the old gentleman got out he had been wanting in politeness. He had apologized to him, it is true, but not to the lady. What could excuse him for such behavior? He turned over pretexts in his mind and could find none. He could not plead on his behalf that she was going to be married unexpectedly, for a lady's unexpected marriage is scarcely an excuse for quite another young man—no connection

of that lady—falling to hand out when asked the air cushion of quite another old gentleman. If he had been traveling down to attend his great-aunt's funeral he might have pleaded the distractions of melancholy. But his great-aunt was alive, and he ought to be feeling as cheerful as a cricket. No, he had no excuse. And having come to that conclusion, Henton immediately began to make one. He took his eyes cautiously from off the fleeing cows and looked across the carriage to where she sat. Patagonia faded into obscurity.

"I fear I was most rude," he began, apologetically.

"Not at all," she said, coldly, looking up from her magazine.

"But I was preoccupied," he went on nervously.

"Why should you not be?"

"I was thinking of that day at Blois that you mentioned."

"Indeed?"

"I did not expect to hear so soon of your marriage."

"Marriage—my marriage?"

"Your marriage," he repeated.

"But I am not aware that I am to be married."

"Not married? But—but isn't that your wedding dress? Aren't you to be away for a honeymoon?"

"Oh," she said, laughing—"That? It's only Dick's nonsense—he takes advantage of being a young cousin to chatter. Really, the dress is nothing grander than a bridesmaid's, which you congratulated me on becoming."

"But the honeymoon?"

"My cousin's? She is to be married from my aunt's house in Palignon, and I am to stay for three weeks in the house and pretend to be a daughter."

"Then you'll be at Palignon?"

She nodded. "It's only a change of house I'm making—and—here's Palignon already. So I must say good-by."

"Certainly not," said Henton.

"But you said—"

"My mistake," he said, hastily. "May I help you down with your—wedding dress?"—Utica Globe.

DRIED VEGETABLES.

Large Increase in Demand and the Work in the Drying Factory.

"The preparation of dried vegetables for the market," said a large wholesale dealer in such goods in New York to the writer recently, "has lately become quite an extensive industry in various agricultural parts of this country. Five years ago there were not a dozen factories in New York State where any vegetable, other than a potato, was dried for the table. To-day there are at least twenty factories in this State, and as many more in New Jersey and Pennsylvania where fresh vegetables, such as potatoes, carrots and onions, are dried especially for winter use."

"The fresh vegetables are brought by truck loads to the drying factory during the summer and fall seasons. They are unpacked, and the good having been sorted out from the bad, the vegetables are taken to the washing room, where they are cleaned of all particles of dust and dirt that may adhere to them. They are then sent to the peeling room. Here a number of men, women and children are busily employed with keen-edged knives peeling the vegetables into large baskets. As soon as a basket has been filled the peeled vegetable, be it potato, carrot or onion, is dumped into a hopper made to hold one of those three special vegetables. From there they are fed to a machine with rotating knife blades, which cut them up into small slices about a quarter of an inch thick."

"After being sliced the tubers are slightly sulphured in a chamber built of wood. Here great discrimination must be used, for if they are sulphured too much the potatoes will taste of the fumes; if too little, they will not contain enough antiseptic property, and bacteria, attracted by the starch, will develop. The sulphuring process is necessary to preserve the color of the vegetables as far as possible, and to prevent decay."

"After this process the potatoes are not spread out in the sun, but put into an evaporator. The latter looks like a small Ferris wheel, and is inclosed in a sort of brick oven with glass windows. Within this it revolves close to hot-air pipes for a few hours. When the moisture is sufficiently evaporated the cars of the wheel are emptied through the windows, and their contents are ready to be packed in boxes for the market. When the sliced potatoes are taken from the evaporator they resemble dry chips, and it takes six or seven pounds of the fresh vegetable to make one pound of the dried article. Other vegetables than those mentioned are at present in process of development. Thus far the industry has proved very profitable, as evinced by the increased demand for dried vegetables all over the country."

"I Hear You."

In future, telephone girls in Paris must answer not with the brusque "Hello," but with the polite "I hear you." This first attempt to break the autocratic sway of the telephone girl over the business public will be watched with interest by the rest of the world.

Proud of His Blooms.

King Leopold of Belgium is perhaps the most skillful of royal gardeners, and is said to be prouder of the lovely gardens and greenhouses of Laeken, which are the products of his skill and care, than of any other of his many possessions.

The Costliest Chair.

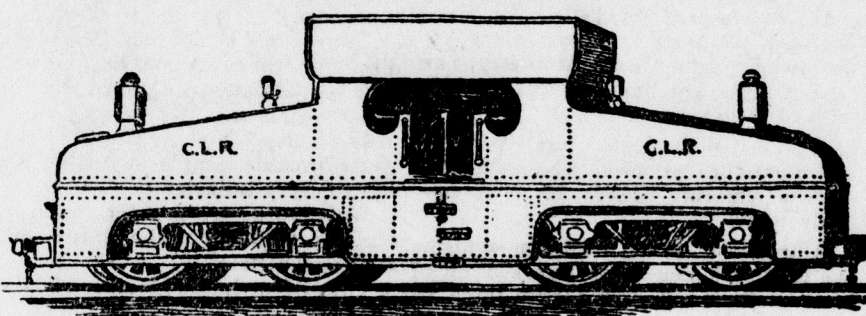
The most expensive chair in existence is the property of the Pope. It is of solid silver, is worth \$90,000, and was presented to the Pontiff by an American banker.

AMERICAN IDEAS IN FAVOR.

England Is Fully Awake to the Value of Electric Force.

England is beginning to catch up with this country in the general use of electricity, the movement being sufficiently pronounced to be regarded as an electrical awakening. The idea has forced itself into the stubborn and ultraconservative British mind that the success of American commercial travelers against their English rivals is in great measure traceable to the prevalence of cheap electric power in the United States. One result of this discovery is that a large demand for American electrical appliances has sprung up in England. Already an American electrical manufacturing company is building a large factory in London. In the matter of underground rapid transit of electricity, however, London will soon be far ahead of all cities in this country. The line from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank of England—six and one-half miles under the busiest part of the capital—is completed and passengers are being carried the distance named in twenty-five minutes, stopping at thirteen stations en route. Fresh air is pumped into the electrically lighted tunnels. Two other underground electric lines are being constructed and another is in operation carrying passengers under the Thames.

These underground railroads are important enough, but much more important, so far as manufacturers are concerned, is the electrical development embodied in several bills before Parliament asking permission for the establishment of power companies to supply large districts with electric power at low prices. Heretofore Parliament



NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE TO BE USED IN LONDON.

has held that electricity, like water, and often gas, ought to be provided by municipal rather than private enterprise. Consequently many English towns manufacture their own electric light and power. But it is contended that electricity can be manufactured and transmitted, even to a long distance, much cheaper in quantities large enough to supply half a dozen towns. Consequently several companies, each intending to sell power to large manufacturing districts, are besieging Parliament and if their requests are granted it will not be long before the total of electric power produced in England will be increased by a third, and, according to the applicants, reduced in price by a third.

EGYPTIAN MEN AND WOMEN.

What Can Be Learned of Them from Ancient Drawings.

In face the men and women were very much alike, but there is a subtle charm about the female faces that is replaced by a placid dignity in the male. In both the features are delicate and of a somewhat aquiline type, and the figures are tall and slight. There is very little indication of muscle, but the men are broad-shouldered and thin-flanked, while the women, in spite of their stiff attitudes, are graceful and refined. In both the forms are soft and rounded. The resemblance between the men and the women is, of course, increased by the men being always clean-shaven.

In the paintings and bas-reliefs there are certain conventions which do not apply to the statues, and for these due allowance has to be made.

In early times all drawing and painting on the flat (and bas-relief is but a form of this) had to serve two purposes, says a writer in the London News. One was to convey information, the other to be ornamental. It is doubtful which is the earlier of the two. The man of the stone age, when he scratched his realistic mammoth on a piece of reindeer bone, either wanted to convey to his brother man that he had seen a fine specimen of this interesting animal, or else he did it because he thought it pretty, or he may have had both motives. In any case, we have here the common origin of art and writing.

The information picture dwindles down through hieroglyphics to mere symbols of sounds, the pictorial origin of which is entirely lost. The decorative picture gradually loses all wish to convey information, and subsists entirely for its pleasure to the eye. But the Egyptians had not got so far as that; when they drew a man, there had to be no mistake what it was. He had all to be displayed, as it were, to the best advantage. The legs were shown sideways, so as to give the whole length of the feet, and one leg was put in front of the other, so that neither should be concealed. Then there came a difficulty about the body; if that were sideways, too, one shoulder would be lost, so that the body must be seen frontways. The arms, again, are best seen sideways; fortunately, as both shoulders are shown, they do not interfere with one another. Again, a profile is more characteristic than a full face, but a profile eye is a poor, foreshortened thing.

So in this profile we insert an eye seen to its full extent, and then we really have done the man justice. This eye, seen full face while the head is in profile, gives naturally a peculiar expression, which makes people talk of the long, narrow eyes of the ancient

Egyptians. They very likely had nothing of the kind. Then, again, the twisting of the body makes the shoulders seem too broad. The ideal is certainly broad-shouldered, but not so much so as this would make it appear.

ABOUT THE FEET OF GIRLS.

At Certain Ages the Pedal Extremities Are Abnormally Large.

A fashionable shoemaker, whose custom comes from the best circles of society, declares that girls between the ages of 16 and 18 generally have big feet. "Their feet are," he says, "at such periods of their lives disposed to be fat and flabby, but at 22 a remarkable change takes place. The foot then completely subsides, the flabbiness disappears, the flesh of the foot becomes firmer, the muscles and tendons get stronger and the bones become well set. Altogether a great difference is noticeable."

"Yes, we have great difficulty with girls of about 17 or thereabouts, for then they require a shoe large as a full-grown woman. When they get older and the foot becomes settled new boots made on the old last will be found too large, and it is only when the young ladies complain that their new shoes are too big that we know the foot has undergone the change just described. Then explanations have to be given, but the shoemaker doesn't mind that so much, for a woman as she grows older likes to be told that her foot is getting smaller."

"After 40 the feet of a woman go back to the fat and flabby state, and herein grows the trouble of the shoemaker, who has to state in explanation why the last pair of shoes do not fit—"

RUNAWAYS CROSS THE COUNTRY

Two Adventurous New York Lads Travel to California.

Cresson De Forest is the 12-year-old son of the cashier of the Hoffman House in New York. Some time ago he, in company with a schoolmate two years older, left home and disappeared. The two boys sold their bicycles for \$15, and Cresson drew \$80 which he had deposited in a savings bank. Then they started out to see the world. The first their parents heard of them was when, after a month's absence, a telegram was received from Sacramento,



CRESSON DE FOREST.

Cal., announcing that the two children were held there waiting instructions. After spending most of their money the boys succeeded in working their way across the continent, arriving in California after two weeks on the road without having once had their clothes off during that time. Young De Forest's father sent him money for a return ticket, and the youngster is now safe at home, entirely cured of any further desire to run away. His advice to other boys is to stick close to home, unless they want to go hungry and dirty for days at a time. Some kind people in California took them in and fed and housed them, else there is no telling what might have happened.

QUEEN DRAGA OF SERBIA.

Who Is Now Said to Be Plotting to Steal the Throne.

Queen Draga, of Serbia, who is charged with plotting to steal the throne for her sister's infant son, whom she is trying to pass off as her own on young King Alexander, is a wonderfully astute woman, who has defeated the Serbian parliament, the powers of Europe and the bitter hatred of the former Queen Natalie in every joust she has had with them. Draga was formerly a maid of Natalie, mother of the young king. Although very much older than he, she won his love and was married to him in spite of the fact that Natalie and Milan resorted to no end of intrigue to stop him, and in spite of the fact that his parliament threatened to revolt. The czar finally consented and the former maid took her place on the throne which her former mistress had occupied. Draga is said to be so unpopular in Serbia that she does not like to appear in public. Her influence over young Alexander is all powerful, and thus far she has won in all her contests with the people. Her father was a colonel in the Russian army, and through his influence she was given her place at the court of Queen Natalie.



QUEEN DRAGA.

"Packing Off of Widows." A pastime which obtains among the farm classes of Corea, known as the "packing off of widows," consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the forcible abduction of the lady in question and her marriage to the widower. An instance of this kind has recently come to our notice. A widower living in one of the villages of Kangwha with eleven friends went to a hamlet close to the walls of Kangwha City, where a widow lived and seized and carried off, after somewhat of a battle, a young lady. It so happened, however, that they had mistaken the house, and unfortunately got hold of the wrong lady. Early the next morning an indignant posse came in pursuit, but the men who had committed the dastardly deed succeeded in eluding them. The young lady, however, was rescued, and after the house of the widower and its contents had been completely demolished she was escorted home in triumph by her husband and his friends.—Kobe Chronicle.

One Exception.

"I have a stupid lot of students this year," said the professor of chemistry, gloomily.

"Here's a paper which shows plainly that the boy who wrote it doesn't understand that expansion and contraction are contradictory terms."

"They aren't always," said the professor of economics, quietly. "Now in my classes I find it necessary to state explicitly the fact that the constant contraction of debts is sure to result in their expansion."

A Starter.

"Why on earth, Lucy," exclaimed Mrs. Wabash to her friend, "did you ever consent to marry Mr. Fitzgober?"

"Why," replied Lucy, slowly and apologetically, "I thought he'd do to begin with."

Tobacco and Tennyson.

Mr. Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, in the recent "cigarette law" decision, asserted that no other vegetable has contributed so much as tobacco to the comfort and solace of the human race. On the subject of tobacco and its votaries here is a pretty story which the death of Prof. Max Muller has brought to the front again. As is well known, Max Muller was a warm friend of Tennyson, and once when he was staying with the poet the after-dinner talk turned to tobacco. The professor confessed he had formerly been the slave of his pipe, but had asserted his independence by making an entire renunciation. The poet said, "Anybody could do that," and, his words being doubted, proceeded to deeds. He threw his pipes defiantly out of the window. The next day he was placidly self-righteous, the day after he was moody, on the third day he was impossible. On the fourth day he was seen in his garden gathering up the discarded gods, never again to be cast out.—Buffalo Commercial.

His Proper Introduction.

"Really, your face is very familiar, sir; but you seem to have the advantage of me in names."

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

"I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. My name is Bangs and four years ago I had the honor to be your butler."

The face of the lady blazed.

"But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments," he went on, "have enabled me to become your next door neighbor."

The lady's face softened.

"So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.—New York Telegram.

An Achievement.

"Did you succeed in arousing any interest in your recent political campaign?"

"I did better than to arouse interest," answered Senator Sorghum. "I managed to stir up a few dividends."—Washington Star.

Corsets on School Girls.

Prussia has issued an edict against school-girls wearing corsets; to which the Alliance of German Corset Makers retorts that corsets worn by girls under 14 years are harmless, as they are never tightly laced.

Excelsior.

The shades of night had fallen fast As o'er the stage there proudly passed A chorus in glad togs arrayed And of what was this chorus made? Excelsior.

A Penalty.

The man who tells the simple truth Perhaps is doing right; But all the world will censure him For being impolite. —Washington Star.

A very pitiful condition exists in Atchison. An Atchison woman is kept so busy with her babies that she doesn't find time to read the doings of Mothers' Congresses.

The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flashes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JENNIE NOBLE, 5016 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

The New Rabbit.
"Why, where did you come from, Uncle Jasper?" I said to the old dandy who had sent the house girl in to tell me that he wanted to see me.

"I come from Decatur, Miss Alice," he said. "I got to Atlanta 'bout two hours ago, but I didn't 'low you was ready to see nobody."

"Did you come on the train?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; dat I didn't. I come in on de rabbit."

"On what?"

"On de rabbit. You sholy done heerd er de new rabbit dey's got."

"Oh," I said, "you mean the rapid transit?"

"Yessum, de rabbit transhunt. Dat's whut I tol' you. She ain't de color er no rabbit"—bursting into a laugh—"but she sho do git ober de groun' lak one."

—Leslie's Weekly.

Hoitt's School.
At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

The Ideal Laxative.
No more ancient pill poisons and black draughts, but up-to-date, scientific, harmless, palatable, potent Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.
Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELSS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Get Grip! Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

HEADACHE
"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."—CHAS. STEDFORD, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Remedies Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 317

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure TOBACCO HABIT.

PISCO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

S. F. N. U. NO. 27, 1901

Every woman is born with a master mind—and she isn't satisfied until she finds some man to master it.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

THE ideal determines the real. Righteousness is the best ritual. Idleness is the devil's industry. Thunder in the pulpit does not lighten the world. He who decorates his body dishonors his Creator.

Holliness surpasses morality as love surpasses law.

Spirituality is not spasmodic.

Your soul cannot eat by proxy.

Self-seekers do not find salvation.

A little balm may hold much blessing.

The fear of God cures the fear of man.

Faith is the force that makes motives.

You may always suspect the suspicious man.

When the devil preaches leave your purse at home.

He is poor indeed who cannot live without riches.

The softer the snow as it falls the deeper it will sink.

The roots are refreshed by the rain released by the leaves.

You cannot claim a monopoly of the consequences of your sins.

The flowers of time must fall when the fruit ripens for eternity.

There can be a cheerful face only where there is a faithful heart.

The dividends of sin come back in the same coin as the investments.

God gives riches to our hands when our hearts are not fixed on them.

When earthly goods become our highest good they become our greatest evil.

Great men are those who apply the measures of heaven to the matters of earth.

If men watched Eye-gate closer there would be fewer insurrections on Heart street.

Heaven will involve much hardship to those who have not learned to worship without a book.

The heretic hunter tries to make the flowers of truth grow by blowing the dirt from their roots.

The doctrines of grace fall flat from our lips except when our lives have the grace of the doctrines.

The trouble with some people is that they are talking of Christian perfection before they have begun to practice it.

When you try to raise the church debt out of the world you need to watch lest you raise the devil into the church.

The kingdom of heaven will not come till men come to make its laws supreme and His will greater than the word of majorities.

The man who has eaten too heartily to enjoy the sermon is sinning in exactly the same way as the drunkard lying in the alley.

When you keep your preacher worrying over his grocery bills you can hardly expect him to feed you with the bread of life.

Where the One-Legged Buy Shoes.

When they do not patronize a custom shoemaker, the one-legged man or woman buys his or her shoes precisely like the two-legged person, at the ready-made shoe store, the proprietor of which, with an eye to business, is usually willing to break a pair to sell the single right or left shoe that the one-legged customer requires. The single shoe remaining is sent back to the factory to be matched up, and this is done with perfect accuracy. Every pair of shoes is numbered, and it could easily, if it were desired, be traced back to the stock from which it is made. There is no guesswork about it. The shoe required to mate the shoe remaining may not be made on the identical last upon which the original shoe was made, but it is made upon a last of mathematically the same proportions, and the pair thus restored is as perfectly mated as the original pair.

Japan's First Lady and England.

There is no more ardent admirer among foreign royalties of England and all things English than the Empress of Japan, who, with her husband, has done so much to develop her country on Western lines. The Empress, who has been married thirty years and has a family of five children, is still as essentially young and vigorous as any of them. Every day she spends an hour in her private gymnasium in the palace at Tokyo, and she is said to be one of the most skillful horsewomen in Japan.

Rage for Titles.

Jones—Yes, Maria, the infatuation shown by you women for foreign titles is appalling, and, if allowed to go unchecked, may sap the foundations of the republic. No, I won't be home for dinner; I'm going to be installed grand worshipful sir knight commander of the Eminent Nobles of Thingumbob.

Judge.

Not Good Yet.

Little Willie had been taught, in saying his prayers, among other things, to ask God to make him a good boy. One night when he came to the part, "And please, God, make Willie a good boy," to the great consternation of his mother, in front of whom he knelt, added, "I have asked you that three times now, and I'm not a good boy yet."

Chronic Condition.

Prospective Tenant—Of course the house needs repairs.

Owner—Linn: Did you ever see a horse that didn't?

The True Poker Flat.

In 1852 Poker Flat produced \$700,000 in gold bullion in a single month and celebrated the event with a triple hanging. Then came the public spasm of virtue which caused the John Oakhursts and the "outcasts of Poker Flat" to depart from thence and die of cold and starvation on the snow bound road to Sandy Bar. There are no "Oakhursts" nor "Uncle Billys" in Poker Flat today, and when the stranger makes the slow descent and suddenly by a sharp turn in the trail comes upon the famous camp he finds in that huddle of cabins little to remind him of the Poker Flat of 1852.

The famous slope presents almost a picture of utter ruin. There are but eight persons living in the old town, while a hundred dead ones sleep in the cemetery. Some of the graves are marked with wooden headboards, some with stakes, but many have nothing above them. Nearly all of them were laid to rest without religious rites save a Bible reading by old Charlie Pond, who, though a professional gambler, was selected for the religious office owing to his excellent voice and oratorical ability.

In 1853 and 1854 there were 2,000 souls in Poker Flat and 15 stores, 5 hotels, 3 dance halls and 7 gambling houses. There is but one man left today of that original company. He is an old and grizzled veteran, who delights to tell how in 1856 a circus came to town and sold 1,500 tickets of admission at \$20 each.—W. M. Clemens in Bookman.

Peace in the Philippines.
Peace in the Philippines is bound to prove profitable to all concerned. Warring conditions, whether they be in the Philippines or in the human stomach, are equally disastrous. If your stomach has rebelled, there is one authority that will quickly subdue it. It is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it cures constipation, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness and dyspepsia. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

Fifteen have graduated at Cloud City. That's what might be called the result of a very high education.

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!

Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.

The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to; they mitigate, but cannot cure.

It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

positively removes them, has radically and permanently cured the worst cases, and is without an equal for all cutaneous eruptions.

Hood's PILLS are the best cathartic. Price 25 cents.

English Robbers.

Speaking of the early Plantagenet period, Mr. Henry, in his "History of Great Britain," remarks that the number of robbers was so great that the judges could not prevail upon the juries to find any of them guilty.

Even under the most rigorous administration of Edward III a numerous band of them assailed the town of Boston in 1275 at the time of the fair, set it on fire and carried off an immense booty in money and goods. Their leader, one Robert Chamberlain, a gentleman of great power and wealth, was taken, tried and executed, but he could not be prevailed upon to discover any of his accomplices. As the other robbers of this period were very numerous, so some of them were very cruel, and the character which one of their chiefs was embroiled upon his coat in letters of silver might be applied to many others—"I am Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity and without remorse." (Henry's "History of Great Britain," book 4, chapter 7.)—Gentleman's Magazine.

Sleeping Car Ethics.

It seems that there is an unwritten code of sleeping car ethics which has its fine distinctions. The International says: "The seasoned traveler enters the Pullman as if it were a room in a club with which he is familiar, but which he has not visited for some time. He stows away his belongings, according to his habit, puts on his traveling cap and a pair of light shoes or slippers and overgaiters, gets out his newspapers and book and, not forgetting his smoking outfit, is ready to be comfortable. Be it remembered that if slippers be donned they must always be accompanied by overgaiters, for without these latter the slippers are not permissible under the unwritten law of sleeping car travel."

When California Was Unknown.

In an old geography printed in 1815 appears the following: "California is a wild and almost unknown land. Throughout the year it is covered with dense fogs, as damp as unhealthy. In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of shifting sands, which sometimes shoot columns to great heights. This would seem nearly incredible were it not for the well authenticated accounts of travelers."

Not Satisfactory.

"Mose," said Mr. Subbubs, "I want you to clean out my cellar tonight."

"Deed, sah," Mose protested, "I kaint do no wuck laik dat at night, sah. dat would be satisfactry to yo', sah."

"Why, no? You've often cleaned out my chicken coop at night."

"Yes, sah; but I reckon dat wuzn' satisfactry to yo', sah."—Philadelphia Record.

Chronic Condition.

Prospective Tenant—Of course the house needs repairs.

Owner—Linn: Did you ever see a horse that didn't?

NERVES GAVE WAY.

Had Headache, Backache and Serious Indigestion—Pe-ru-na Cured.

Miss A. Brady, Corresponding Secretary Illinois Woman's Alliance, writes from 2725 Indiana avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

"Last year from continued strain in literary work I became very much exhausted, my nerves seemed to give way, and I had backache, headache and serious indigestion. One of my friends suggested that I try Peruna. It certainly acted like magic on my system."

"Within ten days I felt new life and health given me, and by taking an occasional dose off and on when I feel extra tired, I keep my system in perfect order."—Miss A. Brady.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease, Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, will direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months without charge. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Benton.

When Thomas Hart Benton, the noted Missourian, wrote his famous work, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," which every one praises and no one reads, his publishers, D. Appleton & Co., wrote to him asking how large a first edition should be printed. His reply was:

"Sir, they can ascertain from the last census how many persons there are in the United States who can read, sir." And that was the only suggestion he would ever condescend to make.

Benton was massive in body and muscular. No man in public life was his equal in physical strength, endurance and courage. In reference to a quarrel in the senate he once said: "I never quarrel, sir. I sometimes fight, sir, and when Benton fights, sir, there is always a funeral, sir."

Benton was studiously devoted to the Union. He broke with many friends in consequence. He bore the cognomen "Old Bullion" because of his support of bimetalism.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills

Cure constipation, sick headaches, biliousness, dyspepsia. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

CLEANLY WOMAN.

Erroneously Thinks By Scouring Her Scalp That She Cures Dandruff.

Cleanly woman has an erroneous idea that by scouring the scalp, which removes the dandruff scales, she is curing the dandruff. She may wash her scalp every day, and yet have dandruff her life long, accompanied by falling hair, too. The only way in the world to cure dandruff is to kill the dandruff germ, and there is no hair preparation that will do that but Newbro's Herpicide. Herpicide kills the dandruff germ, leaves the hair free to grow as healthy Nature intended. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect. Kill the dandruff germ with Herpicide.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Gilt Edge Whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant. Wichman, Lutzen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Sole proprietors for U.S.A.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam guaranteed for Croup.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robinson, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

FITS Permanently Cured.

No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kilmer's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 25c. booklet and treatise. Dr. R. H. KILMER, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS ONLY ONE SLICKER

IT BORE THIS TRADE MARK

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

WHICH IS STILL TO BE FOUND ON THE BEST OILED CLOTHING.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. CATALOGUE FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 51

THE PIANO AT ITS BEST.

Four Times a Year None Too Often to Have a Piano Tuned.

"There are plenty of people," said a piano tuner, "who let their pianos go one, two, three years without tuning, and in some cases pianos thus neglected may not get very, very woefully off, but a piano should be tuned every three months. That would be none too often to keep it in order."

"As a matter of fact, a piano begins to get out of tune again at once after it has been tuned. How could it be otherwise? Nothing stands still. This difference would at first be so slight as scarcely to be perceptible to any but the practiced and sensitive ear of an expert tuner, but it is there. Doesn't a clock begin to run down as soon as it is wound up? Four times a year a piano ought to be tuned, but only a comparatively small percentage of people give their pianos that attention which is needed to keep them in their most perfect loveliness of tone. Piano makers and dealers of course are looking after the tuning of their pianos in stock scrupulously and carefully all the time. You don't hear pianos out of tune in a piano warehouse. They never let them get out of tune there. They aim, in fact, at keeping them as near perfection as they can."

"We are pretty sure to find in every new piano something pleasing and attractive. Some share at least of this pleasing quality comes from its being in perfect tune. In fact, to keep any piano at its best it must be kept in tune, and to attain the results most satisfactory to all, to the owner and the neighbors alike, a tuning tonic should be administered to every piano not less than four times a year."—New York Sun.

Going by Contraries.

"When a lady says 'No,' she means 'Yes,'" observed the philosopher of the boarding house, "and when her papa throws you down the front steps and swears at you until you have disappeared in the gloom there seems to be something contrary about him too."—Baltimore American.

A Real Need.

"Why, oh, why," wailed the woman, picking up the watch at her feet and holding it to her ear, "doesn't somebody invent a watch that you can drop without its stopping?"—New York Sun.

Stops the Cough

and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Amateurs, develop your own plates at home. K. G. powder developers, six packages 25 cents. For sale by all photographic supply dealers, or Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

Coated with chocolate, very small and easy to take as sugar, are Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills, for sick headache, constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sallow complexion. They purify the blood. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

She—There are some people I like and some I don't like. He—What about me? She—Oh, present company is always excepted.

For Consumption try Fryer's Abietene Cough-Balsam.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castelwood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam saves Doctor Bills.

CANCER

The diseases most feared are those which are inherited—handed down from generation to generation, and family to family. By far the most destructive of these is Cancer, which finds the greatest number of its victims among the children and grand-children of those whose blood was tainted with this dreadful malady. You may carry this poison in the blood for years, but as the vital powers begin to wane a slight bruise or cut, wart or mole, sore or pimple may develop into Cancer. From middle life to old age is the time when the slumbering poison is most apt to break out, a sore or ulcer often degenerating into Cancer, and Tumors become more progressive and ulcerate through the skin, the sharp, shooting pains causing the most intense suffering.

The Cancer patient naturally grows despondent as one after another the usual remedies fail, and the sore shows no sign of healing. The impurities that have been accumulating in the system, perhaps for generations, cannot be eliminated nor the poisoned blood made pure by salves, washes and plasters. The proper treatment is to purify and build up the blood, remove the cause, when the sore or ulcer heals.

S. S. S. goes directly into the blood, destroys the virus, stops the formation of Cancerous cells and cleanses the system of impurities. What we say of S. S. S. as a cure for Cancer is supported by the testimony of those who have tested it and been restored to health.

Begin in time, don't wait until the blood is so polluted and the system so thoroughly saturated with the poison that no medicine, however efficacious, can check the progress of the disease. If there is a taint in your blood get it out at once, don't wait for some external evidence of it, the appearance of a tumor or ulcer. We have prepared a special book on Cancer which we will mail free. Our physicians are ready to help you by their advice and each direction as your case requires. Write us fully and freely—no charge for medical advice. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Mr. J. B. Arnold, of Greenwood, S. C., writes: "A tiny ulcer came, just under the left eye. It began spreading, and grew worse rapidly, destroying the flesh as it went. As Cancer is hereditary in my family I became thoroughly alarmed, consulting the best physicians and taking many blood medicines, none of which did me any good, when one of our leading druggists advised me to try S. S. S., and by the time I had taken the second bottle the Cancer began to show signs of healing, the discharge grew gradually less and finally ceased altogether, the sore dried up and nothing remains but a slight scar. I feel that I owe my life to S. S. S."

wait until the blood is so polluted and the system so thoroughly saturated with the poison that no medicine, however efficacious, can check the progress of the disease. If there is a taint in your blood get it out at once, don't wait for some external evidence of it, the appearance of a tumor or ulcer. We have prepared a special book on Cancer which we will mail free. Our physicians are ready to help you by their advice and each direction as your case requires. Write us fully and freely—no charge for medical advice. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Prune Dip.

"Greenback" Pure 100% Caustic Potash and 98% Powd. Caustic Soda.

T. W. JACKSON & CO., Sole Agents, - No. 123 California St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

KODAK Agency

H. B. Hooper carries a full line of Photographic Goods Developing & Printing a Specialty, 528 Market St., S.F.

New and Second-Hand SAFES & SCALES

Write Parcells, Greenwood Co., 216 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMER

is BEST TIME TO CURE Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption

Our remedy is GUARANTEED: \$1.00. P. O. Box 978 W. H. SMITH & CO., BUFFALO N. Y.

The Wonder of the Age.

The great Airship, 228 feet long and 56 feet high, now building at San Francisco, California, will make its first voyage about September 15th. EVERY ONE should have a few SHARES. They are now selling at \$2.00 a share, and will be worth \$100.00 at the time of its first voyage. Send orders for stock with check or money order to Cal. Aerial Navigation Co., care of Columbian Banking Co., San Francisco, Cal.

AMERICUS CLUB WHISKEY

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.